FRONTISPIECE.

BRUSQUE AFTER HIS SHIPWRECK.

See page 12.

A HOME IN THE SEA;

OR

THE ADVENTURES

OF

PHILIP BRUSQUE.

BY

PETER PARLEY.

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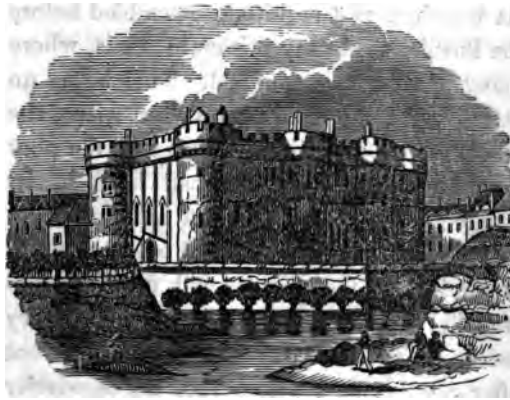
PHILIP BRUSQUE.



View of the Bastile.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE OF PHILIP — HE ENGAGES IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION — IS AT LENGTH SUSPECTED BY ROBESPIERRE, AND OBLIGED TO FLY — ENTERS ON BOARD A SHIP, AND IS CAST AWAY UPON AN UNINHABITED ISLAND IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

About the year 1789, the people of Fra
became very uneasy respecting their go

nent. The first symptoms of this were displayed in Paris; but soon the agitation was communicated to all parts of the kingdom. At length, a vast multitude assembled before the Bastile, a gloomy prison in Paris, where many persons were confined. They began an attack upon it; and, after a short space, the whole edifice was laid in ruins, and the poor wretches, some of whom had been in its dungeons for years, were set at liberty.

This act was now followed by other demonstrations of the popular will, until the metropolis displayed the most extraordinary scene of excitement. One startling even after another took place, until the monarch was overthrown, and a new form of gover ment was established. The most terri scenes occurred, and thousands of perso some innocent and some guilty, were led the place of execution, and were behea by a machine called *guillotine*. This pe is known in history by the title of the *F Revolution*.

Philip Brusque, the hero of our story *one of many* young men who took an *part in this* convulsion. He was yo

dent, and discontented. Though he had little education, he had still read many of the papers and pamphlets of the day. These had filled his mind with a horror of kings, and the most intoxicating dreams of liberty. Knowing little of political government, except that of France, and which he saw to be corrupt and despotic, he adopted the idea that all government was bad, and to this he attributed nearly all the evils of society. With the ardor of a young but heated fancy, he looked forward to the destruction of the monarchy as certain to bring a political millennium, when every man should walk forth in freedom and happiness, restrained by no law except the moral sense of man, and the innate perception and love of human rights.

With these views, which were then common among the French people, and which artful disorganizers had disseminated, in order to acquire power, Philip arrived at Paris. He was soon engaged in several of the debating clubs of that great metropolis, and being possessed of natural eloquence, he speedily became a leader. He was present at the destruction of the Bastile and his own vigorous

hand battered down more than one of the iron doors of that horrid prison. Looking upon these gloomy walls, with their dark chambers, and the chains, and instruments of torture, which were found there, as at once emblems and instruments of that tyranny which had cursed his country for ages, Philip felt a high inspiration in witnessing its demolition. As one portion after another of the massy wall was hurled to the earth, he seemed to fancy that a whole nation must breathe more freely; and, in seeing the pallid wretches delivered from the dungeons where some of them had been imprisoned for years, he seemed to think that he saw the spirit of his country set at liberty.

The Bastile was soon but a heap of ruins. The whole fabric of the French monarchy, which had existed for twelve centuries, in a few brief years had shared the same fate. The king, Louis XVI., was beheaded, and his beautiful queen was also brought to the block. In all these scenes Brusque took a part. He was present at the execution of Marie Antoinette. He had no respect for majesty, but he was not yet lost to a sense of decency in

regard to woman. The shocking and brutal insults offered to the queen — worse than any thing every witnessed among savages — disgusted Philip. He was indeed sick of blood, and he ventured to speak his sentiments aloud. His words were repeated to Robespierre and the rest of the bloody men who then held the sway. Philip became suspected, and he was obliged to fly, to save his life. He reached the coast of France with difficulty, and, entering on board a merchant ship as a sailor, set out upon a voyage to China.

Nothing remarkable happened for some time; but when the ship had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and entered the Indian Ocean, a violent storm arose. The vessel contended bravely with the waves for a time; but at length her masts were swept away, the helm was broken, and the hull of the ship rolled like a log amidst the tumbling waters.

She then drifted for a time at the mercy of the winds, and at length came near a small island. She then struck on a rock, and went to pieces All the crew were drowned except the hero of our story, who seized upon a

plank, and, after two days of toil and suffering, reached the shore of the island.

He landed upon a pebbly beach, but he was so exhausted as only to be able to draw himself up from the waves. There he lay, for a long time, almost unconscious of existence. At length his strength returned, and he began to think over what had happened. When his reason was, at last, fully restored, he fell upon his knees, and thanked Heaven for his preservation. It was the first prayer he had uttered for years, for Philip Brusque had been told by the French revolutionists that there was no God, and that prayer was a mere mockery. But now he prayed, and felt in his heart that there was, indeed, a God, that claimed gratitude and thanksgiving from the lips of one who had been saved from death, while his companions had all been drowned

Philip was soon able to look about the island and make observations. It was a lovely spot, about four miles in circuit, and pleasantly varied with hills and valleys. It was almost covered with beautiful trees, on

BRUSQUE AFTER HIS SHIPWRECK.

some of which there were delicious fruits. Birds of bright feathers and joyous notes glanced through the forests, and sweet perfumes were wafted on the warm, soft breezes. Philip walked about the island, his delight and wonder increasing at every step. And what seemed to please him most of all was, that the island was without a single human inhabitant except himself.

"Now," said Philip, in the fulness of his heart, "I shall be happy. Here I can enjoy perfect liberty. Here is no prison like the Bastile; here is no king to make slaves of his fellow-men; here is no Robespierre to plot the murder of his fellow-citizens. O liberty, how have I worshipped thee! and here, on this lone island, I have found thee. Here I can labor or rest, eat or drink, wake or sleep, as I please. Here is no one to control my actions or my thoughts. In my native country, all the land belongs to a few persons; but here I can take as much land as I please. I can freely pick the fruit from the trees, according to my choice or my wants. How different is my situation from what it was in France! There every thing belonged

to somebody, and I was restrained from taking any thing, unless I paid for it. Here, all is free—all is mine. Here I can enjoy perfect liberty. In France I was under the check and control of a thousand laws; here, there is no law but my own will. Here, I have indeed found perfect freedom."

CHAPTER II.

BRUSQUE DISCOVERS THAT MAN WANTS SO THING BESIDE LIBERTY; HE WANTS COMPA SOCIETY — AN INTERESTING EVENT — PHI FINDS A COMPANION.

SUCH were the thoughts of Brusque, as stood on a little hill in the centre of island, and looked round upon what r seemed entirely his own. Nor did any th happen to disturb his peace for a long ti There was fruit enough for his support u the trees, and he found a cave in a ro which served him for a house and a ho The weather was almost constantly fine, so mild was the temperature, that he har needed a shelter, even at night.

So the days slid on very pleasantly w Philip for about a year. By this time, he gan to be a little tired of his own compa nor could the chattering of the macaws parrots, of which there were many in trees, entirely satisfy him. He caught s of the young birds, and reared them.

THE CASTAWAY'S CAVE.

taught them to speak, but still he felt lonely At last, it came to be his custom every day to go upon the top of the highest hill, and look far off upon the ocean, hoping to see a ship, for he yearned in his heart to have some human being for a companion. Then the tears would fill his eyes, and flow down his rough cheeks; and then he would speak or think to himself as follows: —

"Liberty is, indeed, a dear and beautiful thing; but still I want something beside liberty. I want to hear a human voice. I want to look into a human face. I want some one to speak to. I feel as if my very heart would wither for the want of a friend. I feel a thirst within, and I have no means of satisfying it. I feel within a voice speaking, and there is no answer. This beautiful island is becoming a desert to me, without even an echo. O, dear France! O, dear, dear home! How gladly would I give up this hollow and useless liberty for the pleasure of friendship and society! I would be willing to be restrained by the thousand meshes of the law, if I might once more enjoy the pleasure of living in the midst of my fellow-men."

With these thoughts dwelling in his mind, Philip went to rest one night, and though it was very stormy, he slept soundly. In the morning the feelings of yesterday came back, and with a sad heart he went again to the top of the hill; for the hope of seeing a ship, and of once more being restored to human society, haunted him perpetually. Long he stood upon the hill, and looked out upon the sea, now tossing from the tempest of the night, and throwing up a thousand white-caps in every direction. Having gazed upon this scene for more than an hour, he chanced to turn his eyes toward the extremity of the island, where, at the distance of about a mile, he distinctly saw a human being on the shore. He paused but a moment to assure himself that he was not mistaken, and then set off like a deer toward the stranger.

Brusque did not stop in his way, but ran with all his might. When he came near the object of his attention, he saw that it was a man, and, without waiting to examine further, ran toward him with open arms. The man was alarmed, and, stooping down, he picked up a stone, and threatened to hurl it at

Brusque. The latter now paused, and the parties soon came to an understanding.

The stranger said that he was a fisherman from Mauritius, an island in the Indian Ocean, formerly belonging to the French, but now belonging to the English It is inhabited by French and English people, and negroes, who are their slaves. The whole population is about 100,000.

It seems that the fisherman had been driven out to sea by a storm; and the weather being cloudy, he, having no compass, did not know which way to steer for home. Thus he wandered about several days, till, on the preceding night, in an attempt to land upon the island where he now found himself, his little smack was dashed in pieces, and he only saved himself by swimming.

No sooner had he told his story, tha Philip put his arms around him and kisse him over and over again. He was indee delighted, for now he had a companion, f which he had sighed so long. Now, had a human face to look upon; now, could listen to a human voice; now, he some one into whose mind he could

his own thoughts and feelings. Now, in social intercourse, he could quench that thirst which had parched his soul in solitude.

Full of these thoughts, Philip took the stranger, and led him to his cave. He gathered for him some fresh pine-apples, and some oranges, and placed them before him. When the fisherman began to eat with a hearty appetite, Philip clapped his hands in joy. He then ran to a little spring that was near, and brought some cool water in a gourd-shell, and gave it to the fisherman.

Now, Philip Brusque was rather a proud man, and it was very strange to see him waiting upon the rough fisherman, as if he were a servant. But Philip was acting according to the dictates of his heart, and so, though a seeming slave, he did not feel that his liberty was violated. He was, in fact, acting according to his own pleasure, and he was seeking happiness in his own way.

If Philip had been compelled to serve the fisherman, he would have hated and resisted the task; but now, doing it freely, he four

pleasure in it. So true it is that we do things, when we are free, with delight, which slavery would turn into bitterness and sources of discontent.

CHAPTER III.

PLEASANT TIMES — TROUBLE — ANGER — QUARREL — REFLECTION — ACCOMMODATION — THE FIRST COMPACT.

THINGS went on very well for a few days. The fisherman took up his abode in Philip's cave, and there he lay a great part of the time. Brusque brought him fruit and water, and all he wanted, and he did this cheerfully for a time. But, by and by, the fisherman began to command Brusque to wait upon him — to do this and that, and to bring him this thing and that thing. This immediately changed the face of affairs between the parties. Brusque became angry, and told the fisherman to wait upon himself.

The fisherman made a rude reply, and high words followed. Brusque ordered the fisherman to quit his cave. The fisherman told Brusque to leave it himself. Their faces were full of red wrath. Anger begets anger. The fisherman struck Brusque a blow Brusque retaliated, and, being a powerfu

man, he instantly stretched the fisherman on the ground. He was completely stunned, and lay without motion, seeming actually to be dead.

Brusque's anger was too high for the immediate return of reason. He looked on the pale form with a feeling of delight, and spoke some words of triumph between his firm-set teeth. But this feeling soon passed away, and a better one returned. Believing that the fisherman was dead, he now began to experience regret and remorse. Already was that monitor within, called conscience, telling him that he had violated a universal law—a law enacted by the Maker of man, and whispered into every man's bosom. Already Brusque felt that while a fellow-being was on the island, he was not absolutely free; that this fellow-being had rights as well as himself; that he had a right to his life; and that, in taking it away, he had done a great wrong to justice, to liberty, and himself.

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the fisherman moved, and showed signs of returning life. Brusque was again full of joy, and, fetching some water, sprinkled

THE FISHERMAN SUPPOSED TO BE SLAIN.

it over the man's face. In a short time he so far recovered as to sit upright; and soon after he was able to walk about. Brusque led him to the cave, where, lying down, the fisherman fell asleep.

Brusque now left him, and walked forth by himself. He was of a reflecting turn, and from his training in the revolution his reflections often took a political cast. On this occasion, his thoughts ran thus: —

"What a strange creature I am! A few weeks since I was mad with joy at the arrival of this fisherman; soon he became the tyrant of my life; I then wished him dead; and when I thought I had killed him, my heart smote me, and I was more miserable than if death had stared me in the face. He is now alive again, and I am relieved of a load. And yet, in the midst of this happiness, which seems born of misery, I still feel a strange sadness at my heart.

"When I was alone I was perfectly free; but I soon found that freedom, without society, was like the waters of the river, near which Tantalus was so chained that he could

not drink — thus dying of thirst with a flood before his eyes.

"I therefore yearned for society, and then I had it by the arrival of this fisherman. But he became a torment to me. What, then, is the difficulty? I believe it is the want of some rules, by which we may regulate our conduct. Though there are but two of us, still we find it necessary to enter into a compact. We must form a government; we must submit to laws, rules, and regulations. We must each submit to the abridgment of some portion of our liberty — some portion of our privileges — in order to secure the rest."

Full of these thoughts, Brusque returned to the cave; and when the fisherman awoke, he spoke to him on the subject of their quarrel, and then set forth the necessity of laying down certain rules by which the essential rights of each should be preserved, and a state of harmony insured. To this the fisherman agreed, and the following code of laws being drawn up by Brusque, they were passed unanimously: —

"*Be it ordained* by Philip Brusque, late of

France, and Jaques Piquet, of Mauritius, to insure harmony, establish justice, and promote the good of all parties: —

"1. This island shall be called Fredonia.

"2. Liberty being a great good in itself, and the right of every human being, it shall only be abridged so far as the good of society may require. But as all laws restrain liberty, we, the people of Fredonia, submit to the following: —

"3. The cave, called the Castaway's Home, lately occupied by Philip Brusque, shall be alternately occupied for a day and night by said Philip Brusque and Jaques Piquet; the former beginning this day, and the latter taking it the next day, and so forth.

"4. Each person shall have a right to build himself a house, and shall have exclusive possession of the same.

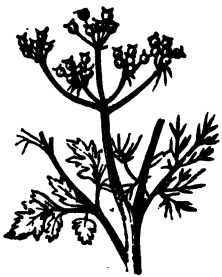
"5. If two persons wish the same fruit at the same time, they shall draw lots for the first choice, if they cannot agree otherwise as to the division.

"6. If any difference arises between the two parties, Philip Brusque and Jaques Piquet, they shall decide such questions by lot

"7. This code of laws shall be changed, or modified, or added to, only by the consent of the parties, Philip Brusque and Jaques Piquet.

"All which is done this 27th day of June, A. D. 18- -."

This was neatly cut with a penknife on a board which had come ashore from the wreck of Philip's vessel, and it became the statute law of the island of Fredonia.



CHAPTER IV.

MORE PARTICULARS OF PHILIP'S EARLY LIFE.

Our story, thus far, has shown us that ab solute liberty cannot be enjoyed except by a individual in solitude, where he has no inter course with his fellow-men. It shows u that as soon as individuals, even supposin there are only two of them, come to liv together, some rules, by which they may reg ulate their conduct, become absolutely neces sary. In other words, people cannot liv together in society without government; ever two persons on an island find that, to preven quarrelling, they must define their mutua rights and privileges; or, in other words, the must enact laws; and these laws, we per ceive, are restraints upon natural or absolut liberty. The further progress of our stor will show how an increasing community, wit more varied interests, requires a more extend ed and minute code of laws.

But before I proceed farther, let me

you some hing more of Philip Brusque's early history. He was the son of a brickmaker of St. Addresse, a small village in France, near the flourishing seaport of Havre, which, you know, is situated at the mouth of the Seine. Philip was early taught to read and write, but he paid little attention to these things in his boyhood. He was more fond of action than study. He spent a great part of his time in wandering through the deep dells that surrounded his native village, or in walking along the high chalky bluff that formed the neighboring seashore. Here he particularly loved to spend his time, looking out over the sea for many leagues, and tracing the progress of the ships, bearing the flags of many nations, that ploughed their way upon the bosom of the Atlantic.

In this way, he formed habits of reflection; and though he loved stirring excitements, still Philip was a thinking youth. At the same time he was of a sanguine temper, ardent in his fee ings, loving and hating strongly, and readily believing what his wishes and his hopes prompted. Thus he grew up to the age of eighteen without a settled profession.

sometimes working at his father's trade, and sometimes serving as mate of a small vessel that plied between Havre and Bordeaux.

About this period, the public mind in France had begun to be agitated by the coming tempest of the revolution. In every city, village, and hamlet, the people were talking about government, liberty, and the rights of man. The people of France had long been subject to kings, who had claimed a right to reign over them even without their consent; and they had reigned in such a manner as to make their subjects miserable. The people were now examining into this claim of their kings, and they had already discovered that it was founded in injustice. Unhappily, they fell under the guidance of bloody and selfish men, and for many years the sufferings of France, in her struggle for liberty and human rights, were greater than they had been under the despotism of her worst kings.

Philip Brusque engaged very ardently in the political discussions that resulted in the revolution; and when Paris became the great theatre of action, he resolved to quit St. Addresse, and proceed to the metropolis, to take

his share in the great drama that he felt was about to be acted. He took leave of his parents, and went to bid adieu to Emilie Bonfils, whom he had long loved, and to whom he was affianced. The parting was tender, for Emilie was well worthy of the affection of the gallant youth, and her fears were now excited for the fate of her lover. He was not only to leave her, but he was to be exposed to the convulsions which already, like the heavings and swellings which portend the earthquake, began to be realized throughout France. But Philip's mind was too much influenced with the spirit of the time, which, like the hot sirocco of the desert, seemed to sweep over the land, to be delayed or dissuaded. He gave his Emilie a long and ardent salute, and, on foot, wended his way to Paris.

I have told enough of what immediately followed, for the purposes of my story. Philip's active mind and devoted spirit raised him to a certain degree of power and distinction in the revolution. He rode for a time on the storm, and shared in the scenes of blood and horror. He was indeed accessary to many of the

atrocities which, in a spirit of madness and fury, were decreed and sanctioned by the leaders. But in all this, Philip was rather insane than selfish. Indeed, he was intoxicated by the whirl of events, and he yielded to the current. At length he became sensible of his error, but before he had the opportunity of atoning for it, he was obliged to fly for his life. He wished to see his aged parents, and his mind turned more than once to his gentle, confiding Emilie, at the village of St. Addresse. But there were many reasons for his not going to see them before his departure. The first was, that it was not safe, either for himself or them; and the next was, that he now began to consider his hands sullied with the blood of his fellow-men in such a manner as to make him unfit for the pure affections either of his parents or his affianced Emilie. Indeed, such was the idea he had formed of the latter; such was the true affection and reverence he entertained towards her; and such, at the same time, was his feeling of repentance and remorse — that he shrank from the idea of attaching her to one like himself, and dragging

her down, from the dignity of truth and purity, to the lot of one who was sullied with crime. Accordingly, he wrote a letter to his parents and Emilie, explaining his feelings and designs, and bade farewell to his country, as we have seen. The letter he wrote did not reach its destination, but, falling into the hands of Robespierre and his associates, became the source of bitter persecution to those for whom it was intended.

CHAPTER V.

A SHIP APPEARS IN VIEW — PIRATES ASHO
A SCENE AT NIGHT — RECOGNITION OF A
FRIEND — ALARMING DISCOVERIES — A
FUL PLOT.

We return to Brusque on the islan
Fredonia. A few weeks after the ado
of the constitution, as before related, a
vessel, in full sail, appeared near the is
Brusque and Piquet saw it with a mixtu
emotions. She seemed to be crowdin
her sail, and sweeping before a brisk br
When first seen, her masts and sails only
visible, but now her full hull was in
At length, she came so near that both Bru
and his companion could distinctly see
people on board.

The scene recalled the mind of Brusq
his home and his country. The ship
aloft the flag of France, and stirred w
him feelings that he could not well d
There are few that can forget the la

their birth, particularly if parents, and one loved more warmly than kindred, be there. Brusque's mind touched on all these points, and tears filled his eyes. "I am an outcast," said he, "and France rejects me. I am unworthy of my parents, and, more than all, unworthy of Emilie. I must teach my heart to forget; and yet I fear it will not forget, till it ceases to feel." With these words he sat down upon the hill, folded his arms, and, with a melancholy countenance, gazed at the ship, as she now seemed flying past the island.

At this moment, a new object attracted his attention; this was another vessel, of small bulk, but with a prodigious spread of canvass, pursuing the first-mentioned ship. She seemed, like the sea-eagle, to have a vast expanse of wing in proportion to her body. On she flew, and was soon near the object of her pursuit. Brusque and his companion watched the scene with interest. Both saw that the pursuing vessel was a pirate ship, and that in a few minutes a desperate conflict must follow.

The pirate had now come abreast of the

island being at a distance of not more t
three miles. Brusque saw a white roll
smoke uncoil itself at her side, and in a
seconds the booming voice of the can
broke over the island. At the same time,
ball was seen to strike the water beyond
ship, and, dipping at short distances, m
the spray shoot high into the air. Anot
and another shot followed from the pi
in quick succession. These were at len
returned by the ship. The two now
proached. Peal after peal rang on the
They were both completely wrapped in smc
Yet still the firing continued. At leng
there was a dreadful volley as of a broads
a thickening of the smoke, and then a fea
silence. Slowly the coiling vapor was li
up, and the two ships were in view.
eyes were directed to the larger ship.
masts and the cloud of canvass swayed he
ily from side to side. Finally, they s
lower and lower, and, with a heavy crash,
into the waves.

The deck was now a scene of confusi
The pirate approached, and was soon g
pled to the ship. Swiftly a few of her

leaped upon the deck. There was a short struggle, and all was still. "They have yielded, like a pack of cowardly hounds!" said Brusque to his companion. "Nay," said the fisherman, "they fought bravely. That piratical craft has five hands to her one, for she has more than a hundred men on board. The other is but a merchant vessel, and had not twenty seamen. The greater part of the men who fought are passengers, and they fought bravely. Beside, there were women among them!"

"How do you know that?" said Brusque, quickly.

"I saw them," said Piquet, "as the vessel passed."

"What is to be done?" said Brusque, jumping up.

"What *can* you do?" said the other.

"What can I do?" said Brusque. "Good Heaven! I can do nothing! And women on board! Women — to fall into the hands of these pirates! It is too dreadful to think of. I will go down to the shore."

"*Stay,*" said the fisherman; "if you show yourself, we are both lost. The ship cannot

be taken away, but must remain. It is likely the pirates will come ashore before they leave. It is now near sunset. Let us wait for events."

"You are right, you are right!" said Brusque. "We will watch till evening. Perhaps something may turn up by which we may aid the captives. And yet I know not what we can do. We have no weapons, no boat. Still, what we can do, we will do."

With these resolutions, Brusque and his companion went to their cave, and laid their plans. Considering it extremely probable that the pirates would come ashore, they concluded to watch and wait for circumstances. Agreeing to take separate stations, and meet again at midnight, they parted, it being now dark.

Brusque had not waited long before he heard the regular dipping of oars in the direction of the pirate ship, and soon saw a boat with about twenty men approaching the shore. Getting into the cover of some bushes, he waited till they reached the land. They were soon followed by another part of an equal number. Drawing their bo

upon the beach, and leaving a single sailor as a guard, the whole party moved up to a little grassy hill. Here some sat down, and others stood around. The leader of the party gave directions to six of his men to go in search of water. Taking two officers with him, he stepped aside, leaving the rest to themselves. While they were talking and laughing, the captain and his two friends sat down close to the bushes where Brusque lay concealed, and began to talk over the events of the battle.

The question was soon started as to the disposal of the ship and her inmates. It was agreed by all that the vessel must be scuttled. "Shall the people go down with her?" asked one of the officers. "What think you, Jaques?" said the captain. "As to the sailors, and those rascally passengers that entered into the fight, let them die," said Jaques. "It's the fortune of war, and I shall care as little for their death as for the bursting of so many bubbles. But the women" ——

"Well, what of the women?" said the captain.

"*Why,*" said Jaques, "one of them is

very pretty, and one of them is very old; and I do not like to be concerned in drowning either a pretty woman or an old one. They are very likely to haunt a man after death. Beside, there are thirty women in all. It will be too bad to tip them all into the sea."

"Well," said the captain, "what is your plan?"

"Well," said Jaques, "I propose that we pick out the prettiest for ourselves, and send the rest ashore here to take care of themselves. They can set up a petticoat republic, or any other government they please."

This plan occasioned a hearty laugh, but still it seemed to be approved. The party soon broke up and joined the rest. Brusque had heard the whole of their conversation, and, after a short time, crept from his hiding-place, and set out to join the fisherman at the cave. On his way, he fell in with one of the pirates who were in search of water. He had no chance to conceal himself, but as it was dark, he spoke to the man, as if he were one of his comrades. "Have you found any water?" said he. "Not a drop," said the other "Well, go with me," said Brusque,

"and I will take you to a spring. I have been on this island before. A long time ago, on a voyage, we stopped here; and I remember that between these two hills there was a fine spring."

"Indeed!" said the other. "Is it you, Tom? Really, I did not know you; your voice is strangely changed." "I've got a cold," said Brusque, coughing. "But we are near the place, I think. It's so dark, we may not be able to find it. However, we can but try. Yes, here is the spot. I remember it by this tall palm. I can see the shape of the tree against the sky, and know it is the same. The spring is within ten feet of this place. Ay, here it is! How delightful it will be to get a drink of fresh water, just from the ground. It's as good to drink direct from mother earth, as it is, in infancy, to draw milk from a mother's breast."

"Get out, you sentimental dog!" said the other. "It's treason to remind a pirate of his mother. Good heaven, I never dare to think of mine."

"*Is she living?*" said Brusque.

"*Is she living?* How dare you speak to

me of my mother? Is she living? G
God, I know too well that she is living. '
me, Tom, and tell me truly: Suppose y
mother was in that ship, what would you
Nay, more · Suppose your sister was th
pure as an angel from heaven, and as bea
ful, too! Yes, and suppose your aged fat
bowed with toil, and care, and sorrow,
gray with years, was also in that ship! A
suppose you were the pirate that had ai
in their capture! — What would you do?

"Tell me, in the name of Heaven, tell
your name!" said Brusque, in great ag
tion.

"You know my name is François ——
The man hesitated.

"Yes, indeed, I do know your name. Y
are François Bonfils. You are the bro
of Emilie; and here, before you, is Ph
Brusque!"

The pirate started at this, and, drawin
pistol from his belt, stood in an attitude
defiance. At the same time he said: "A
betrayed? What means this? Are you
Tom Garson, of our ship?" Brusque h
ened to explain, and, in few words, tol

story to François. It was a scene of mutual agitation and explanation. Each had many questions to ask, but these were deferred that they might consider what was to be done. For the sake of conversing freely, they retired to Brusque's cave, where they both agreed to attempt the rescue of the people on board the ship. Piquet soon arrived, and he joined heartily in the enterprise. Several plans were discussed, but none seemed feasible. At length, François spoke as follows:—

"I am afraid that we are too sanguine. There are two hundred men belonging to the pirate. They are desperate freebooters, and armed to the teeth. Like all rogues, they are suspicious and watchful. We cannot hope to surprise or deceive them. The captured vessel is a trading ship, from St. Domingo. She is filled with people that have fled from an insurrection of the negroes there. There are about thirty females, several children, and thirty or forty men. They are guarded by ten of our marines, and are kept under the hatches. We must convey instructions to them to be on the look-out for relief,

that they may exert themselves if any opp
tunity should offer. We must blow up
pirate ship; and I will do it, and share
fate of the rest, if need be."

"Nay," said Brusque, "this is a mad
desperate scheme. Let us think of so
thing more feasible."

"It is time," said François, "for me
return to the captain. I shall be missed
suspected. I will take care to be in
watch of the merchant ship to-morrow ni
You, Brusque, are a good swimmer. T
vessel is not more than two miles out. I
must come at twelve o'clock, and I will
that a rope is over the stern. You m
climb up, and enter the dead-lights, wh
shall be prepared. You must then wait
Heaven sends you some opportunity for e
tion. Mention me not to my parents or F
ilie, if I perish. It will be better for them
mourn over an uncertainty, than the mem
of a pirate son or brother. Farewell!" S
ing this, and wringing Brusque's hand c
vulsively, the pirate departed

CHAPTER VI.

NIGHT, AND THE PROGRESS OF THE PLOT — FEARFUL SUSPENSE — A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION — ARRIVAL OF PERSONS AT THE ISLAND.

We shall pass over the scene of riot which took place among the pirates on the island the next day, as well as the anxiety of Brusque and his friend Piquet. Night at length came, and, at the appointed hour, Brusque repaired to the shore, and began to swim toward the vessel, as directed by François. It was dark, and the water was ruffled, but he could see the vessel floating like a dusky shadow upon the water; and being steady of limb and stout of heart, and withal an excellent swimmer, he soon neared the vessel.

Cautiously and slowly approaching the stern, he at length descried a tall sentinel standing on the deck, and thought he could make out the figure of François. He then drew close, and at length was able to find the promised rope Climbing up by this, he

swung himself to the window, which wa cautiously opened from within. It was to dark to see any one, but he entered the cabi and sat down. Pretty soon a boat starte from the side of the ship, and, looking through the window, Brusque saw it set off toward the pirate vessel. He thought he could trace in the athletic form of the man who guided the helm of the boat, the form of François, and he began to think seriously that he intended to put his plan into execution. He was the more fearful of this from having observed that all the pirates had left the island, and he suspected that the opportunity of thus blowing the whole into the air was too powerful a temptation for the almost maddened mind of François.

Pondering upon the awful chances of such an event, and of the action that must follow on the part of the ship's crew and passengers for liberation, should it take place, he sat for some time in silence. At length a hand was laid upon his arm, and he was told to follow. Being led across the cabin, he was taken into a small state-room, where there was a light. His guide left him here alone. Soon a m

entered, who announced himself as the captain. He said he had received an intimation that an effort would be made for their relief, but he knew nothing more. Brusque now entered into a detail of the circumstances which we have related, and expressed his conviction that the pirate vessel would be blown up. He advised the captain quietly to apprize all the men on board of the prospect before them, and to see that they were ready to second any effort that should be made. This plan was adopted; and accordingly, about twenty-five men got together in the cabin, each having provided himself with some club, or spar, or other weapon. The captain alone had a sword and pistol, which he had found concealed in a drawer, and which had escaped the search of the pirates.

Brusque now took his place on the transom of the vessel, where he could have a full view of the pirate ship. He sat long, earnestly watching the object of his attention. He hardly knew whether to fear or hope for the awful explosion that he anticipated. The sudden transition of two hundred breathing men from life to death, from the full flush of

THE EXPLOSION.

riotous passion and crime into the presence of their God, was a thought too horrible to be dwelt upon. Yet, here were other men, and helpless women and children, whose only chance for life, or escape from a fate worse than death, seemed to depend upon that fearful catastrophe. Dwelling upon these agitating topics, Brusque sat in the darkness, gazing upon the pirate ship. In his anxiety, seconds seemed to lengthen into minutes, and minutes into hours. His impatience almost mastered him. His heart beat audibly, and his brain seemed swelled to bursting. He was on the point of starting up to relieve his feelings, when he saw a stream of light, like a rocket, shoot out from the side of the pirate vessel. In an instant, another and another followed, and then one wide flash enveloped the whole firmament.

In the midst of the sea of fire that seemed thrown into the sky, were the fragments of the ship, the wheels of cannon, and the mangled forms of men, seeming like demons, lit up in the red and ghastly glare.

This mighty blaze was almost instantly followed by total darkness, by a heavy sound,

and by a rocking of the merchant ship, as if struck by a gale. In an instant, the men within rushed against the hatches, and with one united effort threw them open. Starting to the deck, they soon levelled four of the sentinels with their weapons, and the rest, in the sudden panic, leaped into the sea.

The inmates of the ship now found themselves restored to liberty, as if by the hand of enchantment. Passing at once from the deepest despondency, they indulged in the most violent transports of joy. Brusque made himself known to the parents of Emilie, and he found himself once more at the side of her whom he loved above all others.

CHAPTER VII

PROGRESS OF EVENTS — NECESSITY OF GOVERNMENT — A CONSTITUTION IS DRAWN UP, DISCUSSED, AND REJECTED.

When the morning came, it showed upon the bosom of the sea a few blackened fragments of the pirate ship, but beside these not a trace of it was seen. Her whole crew had apparently perished in the awful explosion.

The people in the merchant vessel were soon called from rejoicing to the consideration of their situation, and the course to be pursued. Brusque endeavored to persuade them to quit the ship, and take up their abode on the island. Most of them were refugees from France in the first place, and recently from St. Domingo; in both cases flying from the perils which attended the convulsions of civilized society. Brusque urged them to seek an asylum from their cares and anxieties in the quiet retreat of Fredonia. Whether he would have succeeded in per-

suading them to adopt this course we cannot tell, had not his arguments been enforced by the state of the ship: for she was found to be in a leaky condition, and the necessity of abandoning her became apparent. No time was indeed to be lost. Preparations, therefore, were immediately made for landing the people, and for taking to the shore all the articles that could be saved from the vessel.

In a few days this task was over. All the inmates of the vessel had been transferred to the island, as well as a few articles of furniture, food, and merchandise. The vessel gradually sank in the water, and finally disappeared. Thus, about seventy persons were landed upon the island, without the means of leaving it. Yet so soft was the climate, so beautiful the little hills and valleys, so delicious the fruits, — that all seemed to forget their various plans and disappointments, in the prospect of spending the remainder of their lives there.

Nothing could exceed the efforts of Brusque *and Piquet to* make their new friends comfort*able and* happy. Men, women, and childre

all seemed for a time to emulate each other in helping forward the preparations for mutual comfort. Tents were erected sleeping apartments, with beds or mats, were provided; and, in less than a week, all the necessaries of life, that they possessed, were distributed to every member of their little colony.

The reflective mind of Brusque had already suggested the necessity of adopting some system of government; for even this small colony, he knew, could not get along without it. Under the pressure of calamity or emergency, a spirit of mutual accommodation might exist, and for a time enable the little society to proceed without disturbance. But he foresaw that a state of quiet and comfort would breed occasions of discontent and disorder, which must result in violence, if all could not be subjected to the sway of some just system of laws. These views he suggested to the captain of the vessel, to Emilie's father, and to several others. It was at length agreed by some of the principal men that the people should be assembled, and the adoption of a form of government proposed. This was

done; and Brusque, the captain, and Emilio's father, were appointed a committee to draw up a constitution. They attended to this duty, and in a few days the people were again called together to hear the report of the committee.

Brusque proceeded to read the document, and then he made some remarks in explanation of it. He said that the plan of a constitution, which had just been read, was partly copied from that of the United States of America — a nation which had recently arisen among mankind, and promised soon to be the most flourishing and happy people upon the face of the earth. He then went on to say that the constitution just read contained the following principles: —

"1. All mankind are born with equal rights and privileges. All are entitled to the same degree of liberty. All are equally entitled to the protection and benefit of the laws.

"2. All government should spring from the people, and have the good of the people *for its object*.

"3. *All* government implies the abridg-

ment of natural liberty; and the people ought to submit to such abridgments, so far as the good of society required."

The constitution then proceeded to prescribe a form of government, consisting of three branches: 1st, of a president, who should see to the general affairs of the republic, and the execution of the laws, and who should be called the *Executive;* 2d, of three judges, who should decide all disputes, and be called the *Judiciary;* and 3d, of an assembly, chosen by the people every year to make laws, who should be called the *Legislature.* It also established the following principles: —

"1. Every man of the age of twenty-one years shall be a citizen, and be permitted to vote for members of the legislature, and other officers.

"2. A majority of votes shall be necessary for a choice.

"3. The land of the island shall be divided between the families, in proportion to their numbers, by the judges, and then each person shall be protected in his possessions and the property he acquires.

"4. Any citizen shall be competent to fill any office to which he is chosen."

Such were the outlines of the constitution, as set forth by Brusque in presence of all the men of the colony. A profound silence followed the remarks of the orator. But, at length, a man named Rogere rose, and said, that he did not like the proposed constitution. For his part, he did not see the necessity of any government. He had, in France, only seen iniquity, and folly, and crime, following the footsteps of government, whether administered by kings or citizens; and he believed that the best way was to get along without it. "For my part," said he, "I believe that liberty is the greatest political good; and the moment you begin to make laws, you put fetters upon it. As soon as you establish a government, you prepare to smother or strangle freedom. Of what use is liberty to the eagle when you have broken his wing; or to the mountain deer when you have cut the sinews of his limbs; or to man when it is doled out by magistrates, who may say how much we shall have, and how we may exercise it.

Take from man his liberty, and you sink him, as far as you can, to the standard of the brute! Give him liberty, and he is but little lower than the angels! Then why restrain liberty? Why take it for granted, that the first step in society is to fetter human freedom and trench upon human rights? Let us be wiser than to be guided by a prejudice. Let us venture to depart from the beaten path, and strike out something new. I close by moving that we dispense with government altogether; that we rely upon the moral sense of mankind, which rests upon an innate perception of justice. This is sufficient for our safety and our happiness!"

Brusque was not a little disappointed to observe, as Rogere sat down, that there was a pervading feeling of approbation of what he had said.

In vain did he oppose the views of Rogere; in vain did he show that it was impossible for society to have order without laws — to maintain justice, peace, and security, *without* government. In vain did he *appeal to history* and the past experience

of mankind. The idea of perfect freedom was too fascinating to the majority; and the assembly finally decided, by an overwhelming vote, to reject the proposed constitution, and to make the experiment of living without laws or government.

CHAPTER VIII.

APPROACHING ANARCHY — QUARREL AND MURDER — PROCEEDINGS OF ROGERE — ANXIETY OF EMILIE.

THE subject of government now became a matter of warm discussion among the people, and they were soon divided into two parties, called the Brusqueites and the Rogerites; the former being in favor of a government, and the latter in favor of unlimited freedom. Things went on quietly for a time, for the people were all French, and their good breeding seemed to render the restraints and obligations of enacted statutes less important. Beside, the island abounded in fruit, and there seemed such a supply of food, as tc afford little ground for dispute as to the possession of property. As for shelter, the climate was so mild as to render the covering of a tent sufficient for comfort.

But occasions of collision soon arose. Some *articles* brought from the ship had bee

claimed and taken into use by one of the sailors as his own; but now another sailor insisted that they were his. An altercation of words followed between the two, and, at last, they came to blows. In the struggle, one of them was killed. This event cast a cloud over the little colony; but it was transient. It was forgotten in a few days. Other quarrels, however, soon followed; and finally the whole society was in a state of anarchy and confusion. It was now obvious that reason had lost its power, and that the weak were exposed to violence and injustice from the strong.

Among the people of the colony were several rude men, who, finding that there was no punishment to be feared, began to be very insolent; and it was not a little remarkable that Rogere usually associated with these persons, and seemed even to countenance their violence and their tyranny. At last, he was evidently considered their leader; and being much more intelligent than his followers, he was soon able to govern them as he pleased. In order to secure his ascendency over their minds, he flattered them by holding forth the

prospect of unbounded liberty. He encouraged them in their acts of licentiousness, and pretended that this was freedom. He sought to prejudice their minds against Brusque, and the other members of the community who were in favor of a government of equal laws, by insisting that they were aristocrats or monarchists, who wished to enslave the people.

Thus, by playing upon the passions of his party, Rogere soon made them subservient to his will. While he pretended to be a friend of freedom, he was now actually a despot; and while his followers were made to believe that they were enjoying liberty, they were, in fact, the slaves of a cunning tyrant. Nor was this all. While claiming to be the liberal party — the party that favored human rights and human freedom — they were daily guilty of acts of injustice, violence, and wrong, toward some of the people of the island.

It was in this state of things that, one pleasant evening, Emilie walked to the seashore, which was at no great distance from the tent in which she lived. The moon occasionally shone out from the clouds that were drifting across the sky, and threw it

silver light upon the waves that came with a gentle swell and broke upon the pebbly beach. The scene was tranquil, but it could not soothe the heart of Emilie, who had now many causes of anxiety. The disturbed state of the little community upon the island, the brawls and riots that were occurring almost every day, and a general feeling of fear and insecurity, which she shared with her friends, had cast a deep gloom over her mind. The conduct of Rogere had been offensive to her on several occasions; but that which caused her most vexation and sorrow, was the strange demeanor of Brusque, her former lover.

On the night of their deliverance from the pirates, on board the ship, he had made himself known to her, and their meeting was marked with all the fondness and confidence of former times. But from that period, he had treated her only with common civility. He had indeed been most careful to provide for her comfort and that of her parents. Though he had been very industrious in promoting the general welfare of the colony, it was apparent that he felt a special interest in contributing to the peace and happiness

Emilie and her aged parents. By his care their tent was so contrived as to afford a perfect shelter, and it was supplied with every thing, which circumstances permitted, that could minister to the pleasure of its inmates. It was daily provided with the finest oranges, the freshest figs, and the choicest pine-apples. And it was evident that this was all done either by Brusque himself, or by some one at his bidding. But still, he seldom came to the tent; he never sought any private conversation with Emilie; and sometimes, when he looked upon her, she could perceive that his countenance bespoke a deep though melancholy interest: but no sooner was this feeling noticed, than he hastened to disguise it.

While Emilie was walking upon the beach, she thought of all these things — of the unsettled state of the colony, the uncertainty of their fate, and the rude manner in which she had been addressed by Rogere. But her mind dwelt longest, and with deepest interest, upon the mysterious demeanor of Brusque. It was while she was pursuing this train of thought that she was startled at perceiving the figure of a man partly hidden

in the shadow of a high rock which ı
close to the water's edge, and which
was now approaching. But we must
serve the scene which followed for an
chapter.

CHAPTER IX

SERIOUS ADVENTURES.

It might seem that, under the circumstan-
ı described, Emilie would have been sur-
sed and alarmed as the dark figure emerged
m the shadow of the rock, and stood forth
the full light of the moon; but she be-
yed no such emotion. On the contrary,
ɜ proceeded directly toward the person,
d was soon clasped in his arms. The
eting was evidently one of affection; yet
parently there was more of grief than joy.
sobs and sighs seemed to choke the utter-
ce of both. When, at last, they spoke, it
s in broken sentences, yet in a low and
ɔdued voice, as if they were apprehensive
discovery.

After remaining here for nearly half an
ur, Emilie bade her companion a hasty
ewell, and, climbing up the rock, with a
ht and hurried step proceeded toward the

tent which had now become her home. She was still at some distance, however; and, as she was passing through a thicket of orange trees, she was abruptly accosted by a man, who placed himself in her path, and, calling her by name, took hold of her arm, as if to arrest her progress. Emilie saw, at a glance, that it was Rogere; and her eye did not fail to remark, at a little distance, a dark group of men, whom she readily conjectured to be his companions.

Emilie felt that she was in danger, but she lost not her self-possession. Shaking off the grasp of Rogere, and standing aloof, she said — "Is it possible that this rudeness is offered by M. Rogere? It is a poor occupation for a gentleman to insult a woman, because she is alone and unprotected!"

"A gentleman!" said Rogere, sneeringly. "I am no gentleman, thanks to the gods: no, no, fair Emilie — I am something better — I am a freeman and a lover!"

"Indeed!" said Emilie. "Is he a freeman who takes advantage of the strength that nature has given him, to injure and dis-

ING BETWEEN ROGERE AND EMILIE.

tress one who is weaker than himself? Is it a lover, who wounds and insults the pretended object of his regard?"

"Nay, fair lady," said Rogere; "this sounds mighty pretty, and in France would be heroic. But remember that we are not now under the tyranny of artificial laws and despotic fashion. We are now restored to the rights and privileges of nature. There is no government here, save that which is established by the God of nature."

"I will not stay to hear you," said the young lady, indignantly. "Every word you utter is an insult; every moment you detain me, you are guilty of insolence and wrong. Shame, shame upon a Frenchman who can forget to be woman's protector, and become woman's tyrant!"

"Mighty fine, all this, certainly! But remember that I repudiate France and the name of Frenchman. *I am a man;* that is enough; and I shall assert a man's privileges. You must listen. You shall hear me. Look around, and every where you see that in the dynasty of nature all is regulated by force. *There is* a power of gravitation, which con-

atter, and bids the earth roll round in t. Even matter, then, — the very soil, inimate clod, the senseless stones, — he law of force. And it is so with the tribes. Among birds, the eagle is master raven: with quadrupeds, the lion is the forest: with fishes, the whale is h of the deep.

en, in communities of animals, we see ry thing is regulated by power: even a band of wolves, the strongest has t choice. Privileges are exactly pro- ed to power. It is so throughout na- might is right. It is on this universal e that I claim you as my own. I am ngest man on the island. I have, e, a right to whatever I desire. Nay, rt not! You must, you shall listen! I ose near at hand who can and will , if I do but utter the word. You ten — you shall obey! Why is wo- de weaker than man, but that she is e servant of man?"

Rogere," said Emilie, sternly, "it is tion for me to be obliged to remain moment in your presence. It is

degradation to be obliged to speak with y
For all this you will be made to answer."

"By whom, pray? Who is there that
call me to account? There is no law h
remember, that can restrain or punish
Nature has given me power, and I shall
it for my own pleasure."

"I fear not that power. I fear neither
nor your menaces; and if I remain a
ment here, it is not from respect to y
strength. You dare not lay your hand u
me; for there is another power than tha
limbs and muscles. If you are a man,
have a soul, and that soul has power over
body. Before you can, like the wolf,
come a mere creature of selfishness; be
you can act upon the principle that mig
right, you must rid yourself of that soul,
thing within called *conscience*. Even
it is at work. It is this which makes
resort to false philosophy and shallow a
ment, to justify an act that your humor
tates, but which your soul and consci
condemn. The wolf stops not to rea
but M. Rogere, who pleads the examp
the wolf, cannot wholly shake off

cannot imitate the brute without offering
pology. The wolf is no coward; but M.
ere is a coward. There is something
in that tells him that he must not, shall
dare not, exert his strength against a
ıan!"

s Emilie uttered these words, she rose to
full height, her eye flashing with indigna-
Rogere looked upon her with astonish-
t. As she moved to depart, his feet
ıed riveted to the ground; and it was not
she had already proceeded to a consider-
distance toward her home, that he re-
red his self-possession. He then set out
ırsuit, and had no difficulty in soon over-
ıg the fugitive; but at the moment he
about to lay his hand upon her shoulder,
arm was arrested, and the well-known
of Brusque stood before him. "Hold!"
the latter, fiercely. "Touch not that
le being, or, by Heaven, your audacity
be punished! I have been near, watch-
ɔver the safety of this ady, and I have
d your unmanly words to her. I now
r *your* designs. Beware, or even your
ɜd *strength* shall be insufficient to pro-

tect you from the chastisement which insolent coward deserves!"

Brusque waited not for reply. Lea Rogere fixed to the spot, and overwhel with confusion, he hastened forward, d Emilie's arm within his own, and procee with her to her house. The poor girl almost fainting with agitation, and Bru could do no less than enter the tent. A leaving her in her mother's charge, and ing a few words of explanation, he depar On the morrow he called to see her, bu found her feverish, and unable to leave bed.

CHAPTER X.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN EMILIE AND BRUSQUE — THINGS NEW AND OLD — A MYSTERY.

THE next day, Emilie sent for Brusque, and the two friends had a long interview. She thanked him tenderly for his protection from the rudeness of Rogere; and, although something appeared to weigh heavily upon his mind, he still seemed cheered and softened by her kindness. "It is indeed most welcome to me, Emilie," said he, "to hear you say these things. Would that I were more worthy of your esteem!"

"Nay, dear Philip," said Emilie, "do not be forever indulging such a feeling of humility — I might almost say, of self-abasement. What is it that oppresses you? Why are you always speaking in such terms? It was not so once, my dear friend."

"It was not, indeed," said Brusque. "Let me speak out, Emilie, and unburden my bosom. I was, at St. Addresse, your happy

lover I then dared not only to love yo but to spak of my affection, and seek its re turn and reward. But I am changed."

"Changed! how? when? what is it Changed? Yes, you are changed; for yo are distant and reserved, and once you wer all confidence and truth."

Listen, Emilie, for I will make you m confessor. I left our village home, went t Paris, and engaged, with the ardor of yout in the revolution. So much you know. B you do not know that I shared in the blo and violence of that fearful frenzy, a which I now look back upon as a horr dream. You do not know that I was fam iar with the deeds of Robespierre, and Da ton, and Marat. Yet so I was. The hands have not indeed been dyed in t blood of my fellow-men, but yet I assisted many of those executions, which now see to me little better than murders. It is your presence, Emilie, that I most deep realize my delusion. There is something your innocence and purity which rebuk and reproaches my folly, and makes it app as unpardonable wickedness. I once

—nay, I love you still, Heaven only knows how truly! But I should ill act the part of a friend by allying your innocence to my degradation."

Emilie was now in tears, and Brusque became much agitated. "Speak to me, my friend," said he. "Dry up those tears, and let your sense and reason come to our aid. I will be guided in all things by you. If you banish me, I will depart forever."

"No, no indeed!" said the weeping girl. "You must stay — you must stay and protect my poor parents. You must stay and be my protector also; for Heaven only can tell how soon I shall stand in need of protection from violence and wrong."

Brusque was evidently touched by this appeal; but the gleam that seemed to light up his face for a moment was instantly followed by a cloud upon his brow. Emilie saw it, and said: "Why this doubt? Why this concealment? What is it, Philip, that disturbs you?"

"I will be frank," said he. "Since we have been upon this island, I may have seemed distant and indifferent toward you

but my heart has ever been with you; and indeed often, when you knew it not, I have been near you. This night, I was on the rocks by the seashore, and witnessed your meeting with some one there. Tell me, Emilie; who was that person?"

Emilie was evidently disconcerted, but still she replied, firmly, "That is a secret, and must remain so for the present. It shall be explained in due time; but, I pray you, do not seek to penetrate the mystery now."

"Well, Emilie, it is not for one like me to dictate terms. My confidence in you is so complete that I believe you are right, however strange it may seem that, on this lone island, you are in the habit of meeting a man, and a stranger, upon the solitary seashore, and with marks of affection that seem only due to a brother!" Emilie started at these words, but she made no reply. Brusque went on. "I submit to your law of silence; but, my dear Emilie, as you have appointed me your protector, and given me a right to consider myself as such, let me tell you that events are approaching which will demand all our courage, as well as our wisdom; and I

cannot but feel the most anxious fears as to the result."

"You allude to the state of the island."

"I do. The anarchy is now at its height. Rogere has rallied round him the rough and the ignorant, and taught them that license is liberty. While he cajoles them with dreams of freedom, he is seeking his own object, which is to become sole master and despot of this island; and I fear these deluded men will be his dupes and instruments. It is always the case that the ignorant and degraded portion of the community are disposed to run after those who flatter only to cheat them.

"The condition of the island is in every respect becoming alarming. The fruits, that were lately so abundant, are fast diminishing, because they belong to no one in particular; and no one has any power or interest to preserve them. We have no fields tilled, for the lands are common to all. If a man were to cultivate a field, he has no right to it; and if he had, there is no government which can *secure to him* the product of his toil. Every

thing is, therefore, going to waste and ruin We shall soon be in danger of starving if this state of things continue. Nor is this the worst. Rogere will soon bring matters to a crisis, and try the law of force."

"And what is your plan?"

"I intend to procure, if possible, a meeting of all the men of the island to-morrow; and, after showing them the actual state of things, and the absolute necessity of established laws to save us from famine and from cutting each other's throats, I shall appeal to them once more in behalf of settled government. I have hopes as to the result — but still, my fears outweigh them. It is impossible to yield to the demands of Rogere. Nothing but giving up all to him and his brutal followers will satisfy him. If we cannot obtain the consent of a majority to the formation of some settled laws, we must come to the question of necessity, and determine it by blows. If it comes, it will be a struggle of life and death."

"I know it, dear Philip. I have long foreseen it."

"I am glad that you take it so calmly. I should be flattered if your quiet were the result of confidence in me."

"Well, well: but you are fishing for a compliment, and I will not tell you that I depend on you alone! I may have hopes from another source."

"Will you tell me from whom?"

"Nay—I shall keep my secret; but be assured that, in the hour of danger, should it come, Heaven will send us succor. Good night!"

"Good night, dear Emilie—good night!" And so the lovers parted.

Brusque sought his home, but with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. The restoration of former relations between him and Emilie was a source of the deepest satisfaction; but many circumstances combined to cloud his brow, and agitate his heart with anxiety

CHAPTER XI

A NEW EFFORT TO FORM A GOVERNMENT — SPEECHES — ANARCHY AND VIOLENCE — DESPOTISM — M. BONFILS AND BRUSQUE IMPRISONED.

THE morning after the events detailed in the last chapter was one of deep interest to the people of Fredonia. Brusque, in connection with others, had taken pains to call a meeting of all the men, to consult once more upon events of common importance and to make another effort to form some kind of government, that might establish order, protect life, and insure freedom. There were none whose feelings were more deeply enlisted than the women; and, as is usual with this sex in matters of a public nature, they were on the right side. They, their own weakness and dependence, *appreciated* the necessity of government *law, to protect* them from brutality and *lence.* Nor did they feel only for

selves. They perceived that, where there is no government, there can be no safe and comfortable home; that children cannot live quietly and securely with their parents; that every thing we cherish in life is insecure, and liable to be taken away by the wicked and the violent.

The several dwellings of the settlement being near together, on the occasion of which we are speaking, the women were gathering in groups, with anxious faces. Those who had young children were seen hugging them to their bosoms, as if, before night, these innocent and helpless things might have no other protection than a mother's arm could give. There was much passing to and fro among them, and they spoke with their heads close together, and in whispers, as if fearful of being overheard.

At nine o'clock in the morning, persons began to assemble upon the southern slope of the beautiful hill on which the cave, called the "Castaway's Home," was situated. It was a lovely spot, covered with a thick clump of palm trees, and commanding, through the openings of the branches, a wide prospect of

the surrounding ocean. All the men of the island were soon there; and, as they gathered under the trees, they were divided into two groups, by their sympathies, feelings, and purposes, though not by design. In one group was the father of Emilie, M. Bonfils, a man of more than seventy years, whose locks were as white as the snow, and whose face beamed at once with benevolence and spirit. There was, however, in his countenance, at this time, a mingled look of grief and anxiety by no means usual with him. By his side sat all the oldest men of the company, together with Brusque and most of the educated and intelligent men of the island.

The other group was composed of Rogere, most of the sailors, and several other men. They were generally young persons, whose education had been neglected, and whose course of life had left them to the indulgence of their passions. There were two or three of them who were kind-hearted, though ignorant and simple men.

The two parties consisted of about equal numbers, some twenty of each. They sat, for some time, looking each other in the face, but

saying little. The Rogereites looked gloomy and scowling; the Brusqueites had an air of anxiety, but still of resolution. It was apparent to all that, if something could not be done for the cause of good order on the present occasion, riot and bloodshed were likely to be the inevitable and immediate consequence.

After a long period of silence, M. Bonfils, being the oldest man in the assembly, arose, and proposed that they should come to order by choosing a moderator to preside over the assembly. There was instantly a shout of "M. Bonfils! M. Bonfils!" and, as Rogere's people took no part, one of the men put it to vote, whether M. Bonfils should preside, and it was decided in the affirmative. The old man, therefore, taking off his broad-brimmed palm-leaf hat, his long white hair floating down upon his shoulders, stood before the company. His lip quivered, and for a moment he seemed hardly able to utter a word; but at length, in a tone tremulous and faint, and exceedingly touching from its thrill of feeling, he spoke as follows. —

"My friends and compatriots! We are all

M. BONFILS ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE.

members of the great human family, companions in the misfortunes that have borne us hither, and the mercy which has saved us from a horrible fate. We should, then, have a common feeling; we certainly have the same interests.

"I ask you to come to the consideration of the great question to be proposed here today, with a sense of our responsibility, and a due regard to our circumstances. The question to be here proposed is, I believe, whether this little community shall be delivered from that state of lawless anarchy and violence which now afflicts it, and be blessed with a government that shall at once secure liberty and peace. The real inquries are these: Shall our lives be secure? Shall our homes be safe? Shall our wives and children live in quiet? Shall right, and not might, be the governing principle of society?

"It is to decide questions thus vital to our happiness, and that of those who are dependent upon us, that we have now met; and I beg you, as fellow-men, as brothers, as friends *and neighbors,*—as you value life, and liberty, *and justice,* and a good conscience,—to come

to their consideration ready and determined to act for the best good of the greatest number. Let no man act for himself alone: let no man indulge prejudices or private feelings. Let us look to the good of all,—the best interests of society,—and proceed accordingly."

Having uttered these words, the aged moderator sat down upon a little elevation that was near. There was then a deep silence around. At last, Rogere arose, and every eye was fixed upon him, while he spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Moderator: I respect the feelings that have dictated the speech just uttered by yourself. I acknowledge the obligation to cast aside selfishness, and look only to the public good. But in reasoning according to my sense of duty, I come to a very different conclusion from what some others do. We are all bound to consult the greatest good of the whole; but how shall we do it? That is the question. We have already met once *before;* and the persons here present, after *mature deliberation*, have decided that they *will have* no other government than such a

nded in nature. They have decided that
:tificial system of government and laws
tends to mischief — to enslave the many,
avor the few. Then why this meeting?
we a parcel of boys or silly women, as
: as the winds, undoing one day what
ave done another?

Sir, I am opposed to a constitution. I
opposed to enacted statutes and laws.
ı opposed to kings, presidents, judges,
ators, and magistrates. What are these
ublic blood-suckers, living upon the toil
sacrifices of the rest of the community?
y with them, and let every man do what
eth good in his own eyes! Things will
:t adjusted to this system in good time.
e is an instinct in the animal tribes
h is thought to be borrowed from divine
om. The heron and the bittern are as-
mers and navigators by nature. They
' by instinct what man learns with diffi-
. They are legislators, too; but that
e instinct bids them leave things to their
al course. The strongest, by necessity
the laws of nature, become the leaders;
the rest have only to follow and obey

This is the great system of the universe; and man, by adopting an artificial scheme of government, is only sinning against nature, history, and experience. I move you, therefore, that this assembly do now adjourn."

Scarcely had Rogere finished, when his party shouted in the most animated manner, and there was a look of satisfaction and triumph in their faces that seemed to say that their leader had settled the whole question. When the applause had subsided, the moderator stated that there was a motion to adjourn, and asked if any one had any thing to say against it. Upon this, Brusque rose, and spoke as follows: —

"Mr. Moderator: You have already stated the high and solemn purposes of this meeting. We are to decide, in the first place, whether we will adopt some form of government, and if so, what system shall be established. At the very outset, and before the subject has been discussed, a motion is offered that we adjourn. It is moved that we separate, and leave this little colony to that anarchy which is now desolating the island. We are asked to adjourn, and follow the bittern and the

heron as our examples in legislation. Man is to be the pupil of the bird; the brute is to be the lawgiver of human beings!

"What, sir, is the state of things? Riot, crime, and violence, are now the order of the day. One murder has already been committed, and the man whose hand is stained with his brother's blood is here, as free as the rest; and that murderer's hand is lifted up in an assembly, as if entitled to all the privileges of citizenship. Sir, look at the fruits of the island, lately so abundant. They are fast disappearing, for no one has any interest to preserve or increase them. Not only are we in a state of confusion and fear; not only are the women and children in the community in distress, from apprehension; but, sir, our means of living are wasting away! Starvation is at our very doors.

"And what is the remedy for all these evils? A good government, that shall parcel out these lands to the people, and secure to each man his own: a good government, that shall *protect* a man in his home, his earnings, *and his property*: a good government, that *will enforce* right and restrain might: a good

government, that will punish murder, t
violence, and crime. This, and this a
will bring peace to the island: this, and
alone, will give security and happiness t
Let us have a government, to secure the r
of the people, and punish injustice, and
island may become a paradise. Its rich
sides and lovely valleys will be cultiv
and will produce the greatest abundan
comforts and luxuries. Let us have pr
tion to life, home, and property; and
merce will spring up, and we can get
other lands all they produce, which can
ister to our enjoyment.

"Who will till the soil, if any man stro
than himself can drive the laborer away
take the produce? Who will toil, if
violent, and selfish, and powerful man
take away the result of that toil? Si
are told to follow nature — to look to
instinct of animals for a guide. Ar
man gifted with reason, to throw that re
aside, and follow instinct? The propos
is absurd. If we follow animals, we
adopt their modes of life. If you ado
government of wolves, you must live i

and dens, feast upon blood, and have no other covering than nature provides. If you allow the strong to take what they can grasp, we go back at once to the savage state.

"Let us, then, be more wise, more reasonable, more just. Let us remember that we men act, not only for ourselves, but for others. I beseech you to look upon the anxious groups of wives, mothers, and daughters, in that little valley, whose hearts are now palpitating with anxiety. They are waiting the result of our deliberations, as involving interests more dear than life to them. Let them know that you have this day resolved to establish a good government, and they will ask ten thousand blessings on your heads. Let them know that this state of anarchy is to continue, and they will mourn the day that saved them from the billows to which the relentless pirate had doomed them."

This speech of Brusque's had an evident effect; and when the question of adjournment was put, there was a majority against it. Brusque, greatly encouraged, then rose, and moved, that it was the sense of the assembly that the best good of the people required

the immediate adoption of some form of government. No sooner was this motion put, than Rogere, fearing that it might be carried, sprang to his feet, and, drawing a dagger, brandished it in the air, at the same time addressing his party as follows: —

"My friends, are you not sick of this folly, this hypocrisy, this child's play? Away with it all! Let us be men — let us be free. Down with that hoary fool, and this false-hearted knave!" Saying this, and pointing to M. Bonfils and Brusque, he led the way, and rushed upon them. His men followed as with one impulse. The aged moderator was struck to the ground by a single blow; and Brusque, taken by surprise, was thrown down, and two stout men, seizing upon him, tied his hands and feet fast. The rest of Brusque's party, after a short skirmish, fled down the hill to the village, where they were received with cries of consternation and despair.

M. Bonfils and Brusque were taken to the "Castaway's Cave," which Rogere now made his head-quarters, and where his party soon assembled. After a brief interval, it was pro

posed by one of the men that Rogere should be chief of the island, with full power in his hands to govern as he pleased. His motion was carried by acclamation, and M. Bonfils and Brusque were required to give their consent. Refusing to do this, they were bound, and taken into one of the lower apartments of the cave; and, totally unable to move, they were left to themselves.

CHAPTER XII.

PREPARATION FOR BATTLE — MYSTERIOUS CONDUCT OF EMILIE — THE ASSAULT — ROGERE AND EMILIE'S MOTHER — A STRANGE PERSON APPEARS — ROGERE IS SLAIN, AND HIS PARTY DEFEATED.

SCARCELY had these events transpired, when Rogere issued an order for all the men of the island to come forthwith before him, and acknowledge their allegiance to him; that is, to own him as chief of the island, and promise obedience to his government. About half of them came; but nearly a dozen men, of brave hearts, resolved to die rather than submit. They were roused to resistance by the women, amon, whon Emilie was first and foremost. This youn lady was small of stature, of a light ar graceful form, and bearing a general aspe *rather* of gentleness than spirit; and l *general* character conformed to this. *now she* was greatly changed. Her

blue eye was lighted with unwonted fire; her brow was arched, her lip compressed; and all who looked upon her were struck with the calm, yet determined and resolute, bearing of the once tender and timid girl.

The remainder of the day was spent in the village, in making such preparations for defence as the case admitted. But when evening came, it was seen that it would be impossible to make effectual resistance. It was with expectations of attack, and the gloomiest forebodings, therefore, that the villagers—of whom by far the largest part were women and children—saw the night approach. In spite of these apprehensions, Emilie made preparations to go forth alone. Her design was, at first, resisted by the leaders; but she whispered something to one or two of them, and they permitted her to depart.

She took her course toward the rocky cliff along the seashore which has been before described. This was in the rear of the hill upon which Rogere's party was posted. The cliff was, indeed, but the base of the hill, and at a very short distance from the cav

where Emilie knew that her father and were confined: but she knew, also, that were guarded by Rogere and his men.

The direct course from the tents tc cave was by an open lawn, terminating steep ascent up a grassy hill-side. On e hand was a thick mass of shrubbery trees, enclosing the space in front of the forming it into a sort of natural court. S ing in the middle of this, you could look the whole island, which lay outspread b you. The place was, therefore, a soı castle, giving its possessor a complete mand of the island.

In the rear of this court, the hill ter ated in a rocky precipice of considerable vation, at the foot of which the surf ch foamed, and wrestled in ceaseless thun It was here that, on one occasion, we described Emilie as meeting with a strar and it was to this point she now bent steps. Avoiding, however, the open that led to the cave, she struck off in a *ferent* direction, and involved herself *labyrinth* of trees, through which she *like a spirit* of the air. The night wı

and the moon was shining fair; and therefore she felt the necessity of the utmost caution, in order to escape the observation of Rogere's party. This necessity was increased by her knowledge that as she approached the cliff she must pass near them, and could only hope to avoid detection by keeping in the shelter of the trees that skirted the hill, or of the rocks that beetled along the shore. With a foot, however, as fearless and light as that of the plover, she threaded her way along the dizzy edges of the cliffs, keeping an attentive eye upon the two enemies between which she was now making her passage — the wave that thundered below, and the ruthless men that watched above. At last she reached a projecting angle of the rock, behind which she passed, and was soon lost in the deep shadows beyond.

Leaving her to her fate, we must now return to the unhappy and anxious party at the tents. The women and children had been gathered within the dwellings, and the mothers had sat down to watch by their offspring. It is one of the beautiful things in life, that children lose their fears and their

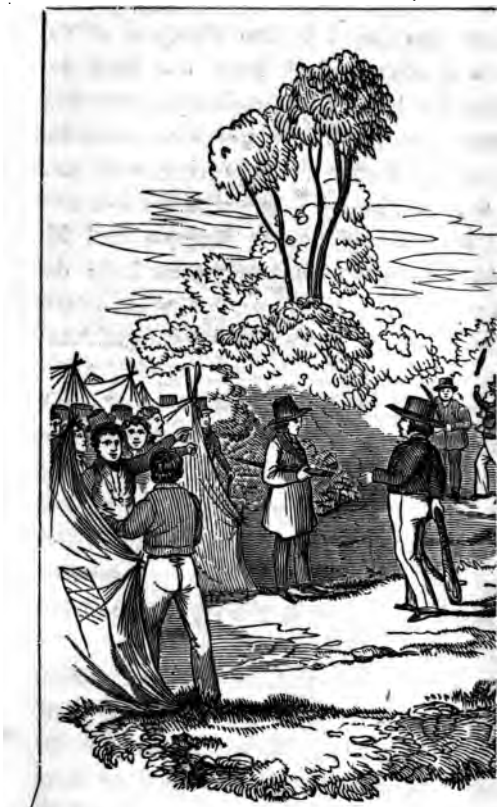
cares, and sink into sweet repose, when they know that their mothers are at the bedside. There is not, perhaps, in the compass of human experience, so blessed a feeling as that of the child going to sleep, in a situation of peril, under the guardianship of its mother It is a feeling of bliss which can only be compared to that of the Christian, who, knowing the uncertainty of life, lays himself down upon a peaceful pillow at night, trusting in his God.

Such were the scenes within the tents. Without, there were about a dozen men, either sitting or standing, and armed with such weapons as they had been able to provide. No fire-arms, of any kind, had been brought from the ship, owing to the forecast of Brusque, who dreaded their introduction into the island. Neither party, therefore, had, in their possession, a musket or a pistol Rogere had a cutlass, and most of his men were provided with daggers. The party at the tents were similarly armed. They relied, *however*, chiefly upon clubs, if an assault *should* be made, which various circumstances *led them* to expect in the course of the night

About two hours after Emilie had departed, a bustle was heard in the direction of the cave, and soon a dark mass was seen descending the hill. This gradually approached the tents; and, at last, it was seen to consist of Rogere's entire force, saving only one man, who had been left to guard the tent and watch over the prisoners, Brusque and M. Bonfils. They were not only armed, for the most part, with daggers, but with heavy clubs, — thus presenting a very formidable array.

Rogere was at the head of his force, and, marching near to the tents, which were defended by a rude and slender barricade of boxes, planks, timber, and trees, summoned the party within to surrender. After a short pause, the leader, who was the captain of the vessel, mentioned in the early part of our story, replied as follows: —

"M. Rogere, we are here to defend women and children; and you know the duty of men in such a case. You may succeed, for you have five-and-twenty men, and we have *but twelve*; but we shall each man sell his *life as* dearly as he can. I say to you, and



THE COMING BATTLE.

to the men with you, that we are here to lay down our lives if it be necessary. I warn you, therefore, that you provoke a struggle of life and death; and though you may prevail, some of you, at least, can hardly fail to fall. And, I ask you, Is the object you have in view such as men can consent to lay down their lives for? Is it such as men are willing to commit murder in order to obtain?"

To this Rogere replied: "You are fools—madmen! Surrender to me, acknowledge my government, and you shall all be free. I will secure to you your rights and possessions."

"It is in vain," said the captain, "for the wolf to preach freedom and security to the lamb. Sir, we know you better. We know that you are a ruthless man, bent upon the gratification of your passions. If you prevail to-night, this island is thenceforth but a scene of cruelty and oppression. These poor women will become the slaves of one who is cruel himself, and who wil teach his subjects to become little better than brutes: these children, too, will be withou protection. We

have no chance but to do our duty; and, if heaven so decree, to die."

"This is sheer madness," said Rogere. "I am not the brute you take me for. Grant me one request, and I will leave you in safety, at least for to-night."

"And what is that request?" said the captain.

"That you deliver the young lady, Emilie Bonfils, up to me," was the reply.

"She is not here," said the leader; "and were she here, she should not be given up. You must pass through twelve stout hearts before you can touch one hair of that young lady's head."

"We will see," said Rogere; and ordering his men to advance, they rushed upon the barricades at several points. The captain's party met them, and a desperate struggle ensued There was a fierce clashing of clubs, with shouts, and cries, and groans. In the midst of the confusion, Rogere, backed by two of his party, sprang over the bulwark, and being familiarly acquainted with the arrangement of the tents, entered that in which Emilie's parents dwelt. It was now only on

cupied by her aged mother, who sat upon the ground, with a lamp at her side. Her countenance bore the marks of anxiety, but not of terror. When Rogere entered, she arose, knowing him well, and with dignity and calmness she said: "Why, M. Rogere, is this intrusion into a woman's apartment, and at this hour?"

"I beg your pardon," said Rogere, respectfully. "I was seeking your daughter. Where is she?"

"She is not here," said the mother.

"Tell me where she is, then!" said Rogere, his passion rising into rage.

"I cannot," was the calm reply.

"Tell me where she is," said Rogere, in tones of thunder, "or, by heaven, your gray hairs shall not save you!"

"As you please," said the lady.

"Nay, madam," said Rogere, his fury rebuked by the calmness of the lady, "'t is vain to resist my power. And why attempt it? Why not yield your daughter to my care and protection? I am now master of this island. I am its ruler and its sovereign. I will make Emilie my companion; nay, I

will be her slave. Tell me where she is. Give her up to me, and I will treat her tenderly."

"M. Rogere, do you think me so foolish as to be beguiled by words which are belied by actions? You come here with force, and, threatening to take the life of the mother, talk of tenderness to the child! Telling me that my gray hairs shall not save me, you promise to be kind to my daughter, if I will give her up to you! Shall the brooding dove believe the hawk when he asks for her young ones, even though he swears to protect them? Shall she believe him, and give them up? Nay, sir, you came here to use force, and you will have your way. Yet I fear you not! Ruthless as you are, you dare not lay your hand upon an aged and unprotected woman. The blood of a French heart will gush out — every drop of it will leave his breast — before it will nerve a man's arm to such a dastardly deed!"

"Listen to reason," said Rogere.

"Listen yourself!" said the lady. "Leave this place; withdraw your men; restore us all to liberty and peace; — then come and ask

my daughter; and if she, in the free exercise of a woman's choice, will give you her hand, I will not oppose it."

"This cannot be. I know her heart is set upon that dreamer, Brusque."

"And you, then, are to play the tyrant — force her to forego her wishes — compel her to give up the man she loves, and become the plaything of the man she must abhor! And you call this, treating her tenderly. O God! is there a being on this earth that can be guilty of such tyranny? Yes! man, lordly man, is such a creature, when the restraints of government and law are withdrawn!"

"This passes all patience," said Rogere, fiercely. "I say, old woman, as you value your life, tell me where your daughter is, or I will strike you to the earth this instant."

"Here! here I am!" was heard from the opposite side of the tent; and Emilie, entering at the instant, stood before Rogere. But she was not alone. A youth of a commanding figure, with pistols in his belt, and a sword in his hand, was at her side. Pla-

cing himself before Rogere, he said briefly "What means this?"

Rogere was evidently astonished. He gazed at the stranger for a moment, and, satisfying himself that he had never seen him before, replied: "Who are you? By what right do you meet and question me here?"

"By the best right in the world! I am the brother of this fair girl — I am the son of this aged and insulted lady!"

"There is some mistake," said Rogere.

"There is no mistake," said François, — for it was indeed he, François Bonfils, who has figured in the earlier part of our story. — "Leave this place instantly!"

"I go," said Rogere: "but follow me."

François followed him out. The battle was raging around, and its issue was still doubtful. Brusque was at the head of the tent party, and among them could be seen the aged form of M. Bonfils — for both had been liberated by François, under the guidance of Emilie. Rogere took in these facts at a glance. His mind seemed for a moment to be bewildered, and his resolu-

tion to falter; but in an instant he rallied, and, turning upon François, struck at him with his dagger. This was returned by a pistol-shot, and the ball passing through Rogere's heart, he fell senseless upon the ground.

The two companions of Rogere now fled, and François, rushing to the point where his father and Brusque were engaged in desperate conflict, and nearly overpowered, fired his other pistol into the midst of the assailants. One of them fell, and François, rushing in among them, and dealing blows thickly around, soon turned the fortune of the fight. Rogere's two assistants now came up, and, saying to the men that their leader was dead, communicated such a panic to his party that they drew back, and, after a little hesitation, retreated, leaving the tent party in undisputed possession of the field.

CHAPTER XIII.

REJOICINGS — REMORSE AND CONTRITION — A PIRATE'S STORY — FRANÇOIS RESTORED TO HIS PARENTS.

We left our colonists of Fredonia at the moment that the struggle was over which resulted in the death of Rogere. The scenes which immediately followed are full of interest, but we can only give them a passing notice.

The defeated party sullenly retired to their quarters at the Outcast's Cave; and those at the tents were left to rejoice over their deliverance. Their present joy was equal to the anxiety and despair which had brooded over them before. The mothers clasped their children again and again to their bosoms, in the fulness of their hearts; and the little creatures, catching the sympathy of the occasion, returned the caresses with laughter and exultation. The men shook hands in congratulation; and the women mingled tears

and smiles, and thanksgivings, in the outburst of their rejoicing.

During these displays of feeling, Brusque and Emilie had withdrawn from the bustle, and, walking apart, held discourse together. "Forgive me, Emilie," said Brusque, "I pray you forgive me, for my foolish jealousy respecting the man you were wont to meet, by moonlight, at the foot of the rocks I now know that it was your brother; and I also know that we all owe our deliverance and present safety to you and him. I can easily guess his story. When the ship was blown up, he had departed, and thus saved his life."

"Yes," said Emilie; "but do you know that this weighs upon his spirit like a millstone! He says that he had voluntarily joined the pirates; and for him to be the instrument of blowing up their ship, and sending them into eternity, while he provided for his own safety, was at once treacherous and dastardly."

"But we must look at the motive," said Brusque. "He found that his father, his mother, his sister, were in the hands of those desperate men. It was to save them from in-

sult and death that he took the fearful step. It was by this means alone that he could provide escape for those to whom he was bound by the closest of human ties."

"I have suggested these thoughts to him," replied Emilie; "and thus far he might be reconciled to himself; but that he saved his own life is what haunts him; he thinks it mean and cowardly. He is so far affected by this consideration, that he has resolved never to indulge in the pleasures of society, but to dwell apart in the cave where you know I have been accustomed to meet him. Even now he has departed; and I fear that nothing can persuade him to leave his dreary abode, and attach himself to our community."

"This is sheer madness," said Brusque. "Let us go to your father, and get his commands for François to come to the tents. He will not refuse to obey his parent; and when we get him here, we can, perhaps, reason him out of his determination."

Brusque and Emilie went to the tent of *M. Bonfils,* and, opening the folds of the canvass, were about to enter, when, seeing the aged man and his wife on their knees, the

paused and listened. They were side by side. The wife was bent over a chest, upon which her face rested, clasped in her hands. The husband, — with his hands uplifted, his white and dishevelled hair lying upon his shoulders, his countenance turned to heaven, — was pouring out a fervent thanksgiving for the deliverance of themselves and their friends from the awful peril that had threatened them. It was a thanksgiving, not for themselves alone, but for their children, their friends, and companions. The voice of the old man trembled, yet its tones were clear, peaceful, confiding. He spoke as if in the very ear of his God, who yet was his benefactor and his friend. As he alluded to François, his voice faltered, the tears gushed down his cheeks, and the sobs of the mother were audible.

The suppliant paused for a moment, for his voice seemed choked; but soon recovering, he went on. Although François was a man, the aged father seemed to think of him as yet a boy — his wayward, erring boy — his *only son.* He pleaded for him as a parent *only could* plead for a child. Emilie and

Brusque were melted into tears; and sighs, which they could not suppress, broke from their bosoms. At length the prayer was finished, and the young couple, presenting themselves to M. Bonfils, told him their errand. "Go, my children," said he, "go and tell François to come to me. Tell him that I have much to say to him." The mother joined her wishes to this request, and the lovers departed for the cave where François had before made his abode.

As they approached the place, they saw the object of their search sitting upon a projecting rock that hung over the sea. He did not perceive them at first, and they paused a moment to regard him. He was gazing over the water, which was lighted by the full moon; and he seemed to catch something of the holy tranquillity which marked the scene. Not a wave, not a ripple, was visible upon the placid face of the deep. There was a slight undulation, and the tide seemed to play with the image of the moon; yet so smooth and mirror-like was its surface as to leave that image unbroken.

After a little time, the two companions

FRANCOIS SOUGHT BY BRUSQUE AND EMILIE.

approached their moody friend, who instantly rose and began to descend the rocks toward his retreat; but Brusque called to him, and, climbing up the cliff, he soon joined them. They then stated their errand, and begged François to return with them. "Come," said Brusque, "your father wishes, nay, commands you to return!"

"His wish is more than his command," said François. "I know not how it is, but it seems to me that my nature is changed. I fear not, I regard not power—nay, I have a feeling within which spurns it; but my heart is like a woman's if a wish is uttered. I will go with you, though it may be to hear my father's curse. I have briefly told him my story. I have told him that I have been a pirate, and that I have basely betrayed my companions: but I will go with you, as my father wishes it."

"Nay, dear François!" said Emilie, throwing her arms around his neck, "do not feel thus. Could you have heard what we have *just heard*, you would not speak or feel as *you do*."

"*And* what have you heard?" was the

'. Emilie then told him of the scene had witnessed in the tent, and the fer- prayer which had been uttered in his lf. "Dear, dear sister!" said Fran- throwing his powerful arm around her t, and clasping her light form to his rug- bosom, — "you are indeed an angel of ! Did my father pray for me? Will he ve me? Will he forgive such a wretch as ? Will my mother forgive me? Shall I, I, be once more the object of their re- , their affection, their confidence?"

O my brother!" said Emilie, "doubt it —doubt it not. They will forgive you in- ; and Heaven will forgive you. We shall e happy in your restoration to us; and ever much you may have erred, we shall that your present repentance, and the l deeds you have done this night, in sa- this little community — your father, your er, your sister — from insult and butch- is at once atonement and compensation."

O speak not, Emilie, of compensation peak not of what I have done as atone- t. I cannot think of myself but as an ct *of reproach*. I have no account of

good deeds to offer as an offset to my crimes. One thing only can I plead as excuse or apology; and that is, that I was misled by evil company, and enlisted in the expedition of that horrid ship while I was in a state of intoxication. This, I know, is a poor plea—to offer one crime as an excuse for another; yet it is all I can give in extenuation of my guilt."

"How was it, brother? Tell us the story," said Emilie.

"Well," said François, "you know that I sailed from Havre for the West Indies. Our vessel lay for some time at St. Domingo, and I was often ashore. Here I fell in with the captain of the pirate vessel. He was a man of talents, and of various accomplishments. We used often to meet at a tavern, and he took particular pains to insinuate himself into my confidence. We at last became friends, and then he hinted to me his design of fitting out a vessel to cruise for plunder upon the high seas. I rejected the proposal with indignation. My companion scoffed at my scruples, and attempted to reason me into his views. 'Look at the state of the world,' said

he, 'and you will remark that all are doing what I propose to do. At Paris they are cutting each other's throats, just to see which shall have the largest share of the spoils of society — wealth, pleasure, and power. England is sending her ships forth on every ocean: and what are they better than pirates? They have, indeed, the commission of the king — but still it is a commission to burn, slay, and plunder, all who do not bow to the mistress of the seas. And why shall not we play our part in the great game of life, as well as these potentates and powers? Why should we not be men, instead of women?

"'Look at the state of this island — St Domingo. Already is it heaving and swelling with the tempest of coming revolution. I know secrets worth knowing. Ere a month has rolled away, this place will be deluged in blood. The vast wealth of Port au Prince is now secretly being carried on board the ships, to take flight, with its owners, for places of safety from the coming storm. Let us be on the sea, with a light craft, and we will cut *and carve,* among them, as we please!'

"*Such* were the inducements held out to

me by the arch-pirate: but it was all in vain, while my mind was clear. I shrank from the proposal with horror. But now a new scheme was played off. I was led, on one occasion, to drink more deeply than my wont; and being already nearly intoxicated, I was plied with more liquor. My reason was soon lost; but my passions were inflamed. It is the nature of drunkenness to kill all that is good in a man, and leave in full force all that is evil. Under this seduction, I yielded my assent, and was hastened on board the pirate ship, which lay at a little distance from the harbor. Care was taken that my intoxication should be continued; and when I was again sober, our canvass was spread, and our vessel dancing over the waves. There was no retreat; and, finding myself in the gulf, I sought to support my relenting and revolting bosom by drink. At last I partially drowned my remorse; and but for meeting with Brusque on the island, I had been a pirate still."

By the time this story was done, the party had reached the hut. They entered, and being kindly received by the aged parents,

they sat down. After sitting in silence for a few moments, François arose, went to his father, and kneeling before him, asked for his forgiveness. He was yet a young man, but his stature was almost gigantic. His hair was black as jet, and hung in long-neglected ringlets over his shoulders. His countenance was pale as death; but still his thick, black eyebrows, his bushy beard, and his manly features, gave him an aspect at once commanding and striking. When erect and animated, he was an object to arrest the attention and fix the gaze of every beholder. In general his aspect was stern, but now it was so marked with humiliation and contrition as to be exceedingly touching. The aged parent laid his hand upon his head, and, looking to heaven, said, in a tone of deep pathos, "Father, forgive him!" He could say no more — his heart was too full.

We need not dwell upon the scene It is sufficient to say that, from that day, François lived with his parents. His character was thoroughly changed: the haughty and passionate bearing which had characterized him before had given place to humility and gen-

tleness; and the features that once
the pirate might now have been c
set forth the image of a saint. Su
influence of the soul in giving
and expression to the features.

CHAPTER XIV

:ATION — ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO ADOPT SOME FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

E morning that followed the battle of nts, and the death of Rogere, was fair right. The sun, at rising, seemed to from the bosom of the briny element, : same time converting its boundless e into a mirror of burnished gold. The :louds that hung in the east, in long ntal lines, were also of a golden hue, :ning at once the gentleness of the ıg breeze, and the fair weather that) characterize the day. M. Bonfils, as pped forth from the tent, and felt the air, and looked abroad, could not but ruck with the beauty of the scene l. "It is indeed a lovely morning — his is a heavenly climate," said he, ıudibly. "O that the human be- *pon this* lone island would look forth

upon nature, and take a lesson of peace from its teaching!"

As he said these words, he was met by Brusque and several other persons, who had been deliberating as to what course ought to be pursued. No communication had, as yet, been had with the defeated party at the cave, and the state of feeling there was a matter of entire uncertainty. After a little conversation, M. Bonfils offered, himself, to go alone to the cave, and propose some amicable adjustment of difficulties. To this, Brusque as well as others objected; urging upon the hoary patriot the danger of placing himself in the power of these violent men, recently defeated, and likely still to be irritated by the death of their leader. But these reasons did not shake the old man's purpose. He replied that he feared no danger; that the Rogere party would probably be more reasonable now than before; that his very helplessness would disarm their vengeance; and that even if they took his life, it was but the remnant of an existence now near its close, and which he could well afford to surrender for the sake of his friends.

Finding him entirely devoted to the adventure, Brusque withdrew his objections, and the aged man departed, taking no weapon of defence; supported, however, by a light bamboo cane, for his step was tottering, and his frame frail, from extreme age. The people saw him take his way up the hill with anxious and admiring eyes, and there was more than one cheek down which the tears stole, showing that their hearts were touched by the fortitude and devotion of the patriarch.

In a brief space after the old man had gone, Brusque and François, unnoticed by the people, wound their way among the trees, and ascended to a sheltered spot, near the cave, to be in readiness to offer succor, should any rudeness or insult be threatened to M. Bonfils. From this cover they saw him approach the cave, around which about a dozen men were standing. They were all armed, and appeared to be in expectation of attack, yet ready for desperate defence. There was a determination and daring in their looks, which alarmed both François and Brusque: and it was with a feverish

interest that they saw the old man, tottering indeed, but still with a calm and tranquil aspect, march directly up to the party, take off his hat, and speak to them as if the emotions of fear were unknown to his bosom.

"I have come, my friends," said he, "for I will not call my fellow-men enemies—I have come to speak to you of peace. I have come in the name of those who are your countrymen; in behalf of mothers, sisters, children, to beg you to lay down your weapons; to lay aside all thoughts of war; to" ———

"Down with the old fool!" said a rough voice. "Let us hear no more of his twaddle."

"Nay, nay!" said another; "none but a brute will injure an old man. Let's hear him out. It can do us no harm."

This seemed to be acceptable to the party, and M. Bonfils went on.

"I pray you to listen to me for a moment. Look around upon this island. Is it not a little paradise? How beautiful are the skies above; how glorious the sun that shines upon it; how soft the breezes that fan its surface; how luxurious the vegetation that

clothes its swelling hills and its gentle vales! Was this spot made for peace or war? Is there a heart here that can look around, and not feel that nature whispers a lesson of peace? Does not every bosom whisper peace? Does not common sense teach us peace? What can we gain by strife, but evil? Can it promote our happiness to slay each other like wild beasts? If we are to have war, and blood is to be shed, will the conquering party enjoy their victory, when they are forever to live in sight of the graves of their butchered brethren?

"O my friends — my countrymen — take an old man's counsel: no one can be happy, if others are not happy around him. If one of us become a despot, and his will is law, he will still be a wretch, because he will be in the midst of the wretched. Every human bosom reflects the light or the shadow that falls on other bosoms. Man cannot live for himself alone. Let us then be wise, and live for each other. Let us enter into a compact to secure each other's peace. Let us adopt a system of government, which shall secure equal rights and equal privileges.

This is just, fair, and wise. It is the only course to save the inhabitants of this island from misery and desolation. This is my errand. I came to pray you to throw aside your weapons. I came to beg that what is past may be forgotten. I propose that you reflect upon these things; and that, as soon as may be, you send a deputation to the party at the tents, to acquaint them with your decision."

Saying this, the old man departed.

This mission was not without its effect. The party at the cave took the subject into serious consideration; and though there was a division of opinion, yet the majority concluded that it was best to accede to the offered terms of pacification. They accordingly appointed two of their number, who went to the tent party, and proposed that another attempt should be made to establish some form of government.

This proposition was at once accepted, and a committee, consisting of five persons, was appointed to draw up a constitution. The result will be given in another chapter

CHAPTER XV.

E MEETING — DISCUSSION — A GOVERNMENT ADOPTED.

THE time for the meeting of the people, take measures for the establishment of government for the island of Fredonia, was ed for the day which followed the events rrated in the last chapter. This meeting ıs looked forward to with intense interest all parties. The men, who knew that ere could be no peace or safety in society thout government, regarded the event as ely to decide whether the inhabitants of e island were to be happy or miserable. The women, who were perhaps not apt reflect upon these things, had also learned ›m their experience that a government, tablishing and enforcing laws, was indisnsable to the quiet and security of society; ey saw that their own lives, their freedom, *ir homes*, were not secure, without the *tection* of aw. Even the children had

found that government was necessary; and these, as well as the women, were now rejoicing at the prospect of having this great blessing bestowed upon the little community of Fredonia.

The day for the meeting arrived, and the men of the island assembled, agreeably to the appointment. First came the men of the tent party, and then, those from the Outcast's Cave. The latter were greeted by a shout of welcome, and, mingling with the rest, a kind shaking of hands took place between those who so lately were arrayed against each other in deadly conflict.

After a short time, M. Bonfils, being the oldest man of the company, called the assembly to order, and he being chosen chairman, went on to state the objects of the assembly, in the following words:—

"My dear friends: It has been the will of Providence to cast us together upon this lonely, but beautiful island. It would seem that so small a community, regulated by mutual respect and mutual good will, might dwell together in peace and amity, without the restraints of law, or the requisitions of

government. But history has told us that, in all lands, and in all ages, peace, order, justice, are only to be secured by established laws, and the means of carrying them into effect. There must be government, even in a family. There must be some power to check error, to punish crime, to command obedience to the rule of right. Where there is no government, there the violent, the unjust, the selfish, have sway, and become tyrants over the rest of the community. Our own unhappy experience teaches us this.

"Now we have met together, with a knowledge, a conviction of these truths. We know, we feel, we see, that law is necessary, and that there must be a government to enforce it. Without this, there is no peace, no security, no quiet fireside, no happy home, no pleasant society. Without this, all is fear, anxiety, and anarchy.

"Let us then enter upon the duties of this occasion with a proper sense of the obligation that rests upon us; of the serious duty which is imposed upon every man present. We are about to decide questions which are of vital interest, not only

to each actor in this scene, but to these wives, and sisters, and children, whom we see gathered at a little distance, watching our proceedings, as if their very lives were at stake."

This speech was followed by a burst of applause; but soon a man by the name of Maurice arose — one who had been a leading supporter of Rogere — and addressed the assembly as follows: —

"Mr. Chairman: It is well known that I am one of the persons who have followed the opinions of that leader who lost his life in the battle of the tents. I followed him from a conviction that his views were right. The fact is, that I have seen so much selfishness in the officers of the law, that I have learned to despise the law itself. Perhaps, however, I have been wrong. I wish to ask two questions. The first is this: *Is not liberty a good thing?* You will answer that it is. It is admitted, all the world over, that liberty is one of the greatest enjoyments *of life.* My second question then is — *Why restrain liberty by laws?* Every law is a cord *put around* the limbs of liberty. If you pa

a law that I shall not steal, it is restraint of my freedom; it limits my liberty; it takes away a part of that which all agree is one of the greatest benefits of life. And thus, as you proceed to pass one law after another, do you not at last bind every member of society by such a multiplied web of restraints, as to make him the slave of law? And is not a member of a society, where you have a system of laws, like a fly in the hands of the spider, wound round and round by a bondage that he cannot burst, and which only renders him a slave of that power which has thus entangled him?"

When Maurice had done, Brusque arose, and spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Chairman: I am happy that Mr. Maurice has thus stated a difficulty which has arisen in my own mind. He has stated it fairly, and it ought to be fairly answered. Liberty is certainly a good thing; without it, man cannot enjoy the highest happiness of which he is capable. All arbitrary restraints of liberty are therefore wrong; all unnecessary restraints of liberty are wrong. But the true state of the case is this: we can

enjoy no liberty, but by submitting to certain restraints. It is true that every law is an abridgement of liberty; but it is better to have some abridgement of it, than to lose it all.

"I wish to possess my life in safety; accordingly, I submit to a law which forbids murder. I wish to possess my property in security; and therefore I submit to a law which forbids theft and violence. I wish to possess my house without intrusion; I therefore submit to a law which forbids one man to trespass upon the premises of another. I wish to go and come without hinderance, and without fear; I therefore submit to a law which forbids highway robbery, and all interference with a man's pursuit of his lawful business.

"Now, if we reflect a little, we shall readily see that, by submitting to certain restraints, we do actually increase the amount of practical, available, useful liberty. By submitting to laws, therefore, we get more *freedom* than we lose. That this is the *fact*, may be easily tested by observation. *Go to any* civilized country, where there is

tled government and a complete system
.ws, and you will find, in general, that
.n enjoys his house, his home, his lands,
ime, his thoughts, his property, without
: whereas, if you go to a savage land,
'e there is no government, and no law,
› you will find your life, property, and
ty, exposed every moment to destruc-
Who, then, can fail to see that the
laws which abridge liberty, in some re-
ts, actually increase the amount of lib-
enjoyed by the community?"
aurice professed himself satisfied with
solution of his difficulties; and the meet-
proceeded to appoint a committee, to go
and prepare some plan, to be submitted
ıe meeting. This committee returned,
after a short space, brought in a reso-
n that M. Bonfils be, for one year, placed
he head of the little community, with
lute power; and that, at the end of that
ɔd, such plan of government as the peo-
might decree should be established.
his resolution was adopted unanimously.
men threw up their hats in joy, and the
ng with acclamations The women and

children heard the cheerful sounds, and ran toward the men, who met them half way. It was a scene of unmixed joy. Brusque and Emilie met, and tears of satisfactior fell down their cheeks. François went to his aged mother, and even her dimmed eye was lighted with pleasure at the joyful issue of the meeting.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHARACTER OF M. BONFILS — HIS OPINIONS — HIS ADVICE TO THE PEOPLE — HAPPY CONSEQUENCES OF HIS COUNSEL — PROSPERITY OF FREDONIA.

It is natural for mankind to love power; a child loves it, and always seeks to govern his parents and his playmates. Men seek, also, to govern their fellow-men. This desire is stronger in some than in others. There are persons who are always striving and contriving, for the purpose of acquiring authority over those around them.

Now, when several people unite for a certain object, we call them a society. If they unite for religious purposes, we call them a religious society; if for charity, we call them a charitable society; if for government, we call them a political society, because politics is the business of government.

Wherever there is society, we see this *love of power*; we there find persons who

are seeking, by all sorts of means, to acquire authority, so that they may rule. We find it even in school — for there we meet with girls and boys, who strive not only to sway the teacher, but the other scholars. We find it in villages — for there we meet with men who are plotting to gain an ascendency. In short, we find it every where, — in towns and cities, in states, countries, and kingdoms.

Now, this love of power is a selfish thing, and though it may lead to good, yet it is very apt to lead to evil. It is this which has caused conquerors to murder millions of their fellow-men. It is this which has led politicians to practise every sort of fraud and deception. And one thing is to be remarked here, — that when a person desires power so much as to take dishonest or trickish means to obtain it, he is not fit to possess it. Such a person will only use it selfishly, and not for the good of those who may come under his authority.

It was fortunate for the little society of *Fredonia* that, in choosing M. Bonfils for a *governor*, they selected one who did not

desire power for any selfish reason, and who accepted the office bestowed upon him only in the hope of benefiting the people. He felt like a father to his children, and his thoughts were, therefore, bent upon the means by which their happiness could be promoted. If he had been a selfish person, he would have turned his mind to consider how he might best promote his own ambition; how he might acquire more power; and how he might secure and perpetuate his sway.

You have heard of Washington, who was president of the United States; now, he never strove to get that high office, and he only accepted it in the hope that his government might bless the nation. You have heard of Bonaparte. He became the emperor of France; but he did it by his own efforts. He did not wait to be chosen a ruler; but he seized the reins of power. He commanded the people to make a crown, and then he commanded them to put it on his head, and call him emperor,—and they obeyed. Having thus acquired vast power; having command of the army and the navy,

having all the money of the government; he put them in requisition to carry on wars of conquest. His love of power was so great, that he was not content with ruling over the thirty millions of people in France; he yearned to reign over all Europe — over all the world. His ambition was so boundless and grasping, that the nations of Europe rose against him, hurled him from his throne, and caused him to be confined to the rocky island of St. Helena, where he died.

Now M. Bonfils was like Washington, and not like Bonaparte. He took the office of governor only to do good to his people. His first thought, upon becoming the ruler, was to discover what could be done to make the little nation of Fredonia peaceful and happy. In looking around, he saw many things to give him anxiety. In the first place, the clothes of the people were fast wearing out, and the tents in which they lived, being covered with the sails of the ship, were small and uncomfortable. They *might do* pretty well for the dry season, but *what was* to be done when the autumn rains *should set* in? And, in addition to all this,

the people had only a very few articles of furniture, and, in this respect, they were exceedingly uncomfortable.

While, therefore, clothes, dwellings, and furniture, were needed, there was another still more pressing want, and this was food. The flour, bread, and biscuit, brought from the ship, were entirely gone; the meat was all devoured; the salt, pepper, and spices, were entirely used up. The island, as I have said, produced many fruits, particularly oranges; it also yielded pine-apples, a few melons, grapes, and pomegranates. Upon these fruits the people had now subsisted for several weeks; but M. Bonfils saw that, long before another season could return, the fruits of the island must be exhausted, unless something could be done to furnish food from other sources, and protect what there was from waste.

On making inquiries, he ascertained that there were no cows, sheep, deer, or hogs, upon the island; and, saving a few wild goats that lived around the cliffs, there were no animals of considerable size. There were a few monkeys, a considerable number of

lemurs, and a great variety of macaws, paroquets, and other birds of gay plumage. It was clear, therefore, that the animals did not afford the means of subsistence; and, even if they were sufficient, how could they be taken, for, excepting the pistols of François, there were no fire-arms upon the island.

M. Bonfils reflected upon all these things, and he saw that, unless something could be done, poverty and misery must be the lot of the people of Fredonia. If they had no clothing, no good houses, no good furniture, no proper food, they would sink into a state of nature. They would lose their refinement, their sense of propriety, their love of neatness and order. They would, in short, cease to be civilized, and become savages.

"How are these things to be remedied?" said one of the old men to the governor. "I will tell you my views upon this subject," said the latter.

"It is by the labor of the hands alone that mankind can live, in a civilized state. *It is the* labor of the hands that produces *hats, shoes,* shirts, coats, gowns, handkerchiefs; the things we want to wear. It is

the labor of the hands that produces houses, and the furniture with which we supply them. It is the labor of the hands that produces wheat, rye, oats, barley, maize, potatoes, peas, and other things, as food for man and beast.

"Now, where the people are industrious, all these things which we want for dress, for shelter, for furniture, for food, become abundant. Where the people are industrious, therefore, they are not only supplied with the comforts and luxuries of life, but they adopt good and virtuous habits, and become, therefore, happy. Where they are indolent, they are poor, vicious, and unhappy. The great thing in government, then, is to make people industrious. And now, how is this to be done?

"I do not know of any other way than to set before them inducements to labor. We must see that those who work are well rewarded for it. Here lies the great difficulty of our condition. We shall soon be in want of food and shelter; and we shall *all work hard* before we starve, or go without houses. But when these pressing neces-

sities are supplied, shall we not relapse into indolence, vice, and barbarism?

"The first thing to be done is, no doubt, to look out for food and for shelter. But we must go farther. We must try to keep up the tastes of the people. We must try to preserve their love of good clothing; their love of good houses; their love of good food and the other comforts and luxuries of home, the refinements and enjoyments which flow from neatness and order. We must preserve these tastes, because the people will toil to gratify them. They will become industrious to gratify them. Without these tastes, people will only work for food; they will live like mere animals, being content with satisfying animal wants; they will become savages.

"Refined tastes constitute what we call civilization. They raise men above savages; they are the source of that industry which makes a nation rich and happy. I repeat, we must preserve these tastes. We must preserve our civilization.

"*Now*, in order to preserve these tastes, *we must* have the means of gratifying them. *We must* have MANUFACTORIES, to make bon-

s, shoes, and dresses; we must have
ICULTURE — that is, we must cultivate the
is, in order to have bread and rear cat-
; we must have vessels to carry on com-
ICE, by means of which we may exchange
products for tea, coffee, spices, and things
ch do not grow among us, but are pro-
ed in other lands. Thus Manufactures,
riculture, and Commerce, are the three
at sources of prosperity; and these must
made to flourish, in order to make people
py. How is all this to be done?

"The first step is this: to divide the
ds and other property, giving to each
n his share, and making him secure in
possession of it, and also making him
ure in the possession of all he earns by
industry or skill."

Here the man broke in and said: "Pray
use me, Mr. Governor, but I differ with
here. I think it is better to hold the
d, and everything else, in common. If
divide the land and property, some per-
s who are greedy, sharp-witted, and in-
rious, will constantly increase their lands

and property, and become rich; while others, who are simple and careless, will gradually become poor. Thus we shall soon see those odious distinctions of *rich* and *poor* in society. I am opposed to all this!"

"I am well aware, my friend," said the governor, "that such ideas as you entertain have often been indulged, and by very good people too; but let me tell you that all attempts to put them in practice have resulted in disappointment and failure. No society, that has held property in common, has ever been happy. No society has ever advanced in virtue, or civilization, or peace, that has been founded upon this principle. Man loves to call things '*mine*' and '*thine*.' Man is made by his Creator to identify things with himself, and to love them from such identity. Why, if all things are to be held in common, why does the mother, why does the father, love the child? It is not because it is more beautiful than other children, but because it is *theirs*. Why is man made to love that place which goes by the dear title of home? Why do we love our birth-place above all others, even

though a cottage or a hut? Why, even if we reach the palace in after-life, is that birth-place the dearest spot on earth?

"Why do the people of every land love their particular country better than all other lands? Why does the Laplander prefer his climate of snows, and bless Heaven that has sent him such a happy lot? Why does the Swiss, upon the shaggy sides of his mountains, where scarce the wild goat can find footing, delight in his rugged home, and, looking down upon the people of the luxurious valley beneath, lift his soul in thanksgiving to God, who has preferred him thus? All this shows that man is made to love his children, his home, his country — to love the things which belong to himself.

"Now, I admit that selfishness is to have its boundaries. Selfishness which is at variance with the good of others is vicious, and deserves rebuke. But the self-love which makes a man cherish things belonging to himself is the foundation of that affection which parents bear to children — which we all bear to home — which we all feel for our country. If you undertake to blot out the ideas of

mine and *thine*, if you seek to make all things common, then you war against man's very nature; you seek to overturn the design of our Creator; you would deprive the child of the love of the parent; you would have no such thing as home; you would annihilate that noble sentiment which we call patriotism. In short, you would deprive life of its greatest charms; you would take out of man's bosom his noblest sentiments, and annihilate some of the most powerful springs of human action, effort, and industry.

"No, no, my dear sir! Man is made to possess things, to call them *his*, and to desire, by his own efforts, to accumulate things to himself. To resist this principle is to resist Heaven, and nature, and common sense. Destroy this principle, and you make man either a reluctant drudge or an indolent savage. So the world has ever found it. The only way is, to establish society upon this principle:—if a man, by his toil, builds himself a house, let him have it and keep it, and let no man disturb him in the possession of it. If it is his, and he knows that it will continue so, he will

take pains to build it well, to make it convenient, and to make it pleasant. But if he feels that it may be taken away by some stronger man, or by society, he will do as little to it as possible.

"Thus it is that men will work, if the fruits of their toil are to be theirs. They will labor industriously, they will put forth their best efforts, they will surround themselves with comforts and luxuries, if they are to be secured in the possession of what they produce. You will see, then, that, according to my view, *industry* is the great source of national happiness: it is the great producing power, and it is the great moral regulator of society. And the most potent stimulus to industry is, to allow a man to have what he earns, and to keep it, use it, or dispose of it, as he pleases. These are the fundamental principles of government, and they are indispensable to civilization; without them, society tends, necessarily, to barbarism, or to the savage state."

It was by such conversations as these, that *M. Bonfils* imparted his views to the people *Many of them*, who had shared in the tur-

moil of the French revolution, had got t
ideas unsettled: some believed that no
ernment was necessary; others thought
some new system, better than any yet t
might be adopted. But, by degrees,
assented to the views of their governor.

Agreeably to his plan, the lands were
divided among the men, reserving about
half, as belonging to the government. E
had enough; and the good effects of
were immediately visible, for every one
about building himself a house. The cha
in the island was wonderful, for everyb
had been idle before; but now all
activity, energy, and industry.

While the men were at work in buil
the houses, the women were equally in
trious in providing such articles of furni
as they could. They gathered leaves
beds; made curtains for windows of
leaves of the palm, for they had no gl
they made dishes of shells and wild gou
and even fashioned a variety of articles
earthenware from clay.

The scene was really delightful.
were busy—all seemed happy. There

no quarrelling — no grumbling — nc idleness. And one curious thing was this — that trade began to spring up, as soon as the division of property was made, and each had received his share. One person found that he had more of a certain article than he wanted, and less of another; so he went round to the neighbors to exchange, or *swap*, the superfluous articles for such as he needed. This was the beginning of trade.

There was another thing that seemed to promote this. M. Bonfils requested Piquet, the fisherman, who had been cast away on the island, to go round and see if he could not find some place where fish could be caught. In this he succeeded. He made hooks and line with considerable labor, and, with one other person, spent his time in fishing. François undertook to supply the people with goat's flesh and birds, which he accomplished easily, by means of his pistols. Thus fish, flesh, and fowl were supplied, though scantily at first; and those who supplied them received such things in exchange as they wanted.

But this mode of bartering soon grew in-

convenient. Some of the people wanted fish and meat, but they had nothing to give, in exchange, that either François or the fisherman needed. How, then, could they get fish and meat? M. Bonfils now saw the necessity of money; but there was none upon the island. No one had brought any thither, and none had been discovered. What then was to be done?

The governor knew that money must consist of something that has value in itself; something that is wanted by all. He knew that salt was used for money in some countries, because all desired it; he therefore requested Brusque to set about manufacturing salt from sea-water. This was soon done, and thus the people had salt—and the lumps actually came into use, as money! When a man bought a fish, or a piece of goat's flesh, he paid so much salt, instead of so much silver.

CHAPTER XVII.

IMPORTANCE OF TOOLS — PIQUET FINDS AN AXE — CURIOUS QUESTION TO BE DECIDED — PIQUET BECOMES A GREAT MAN — AMUSING EVENTS — IMPROVEMENT OF THE ISLAND — A VESSEL BUILT.

THE little nation of Fredonia was now in a happy and prosperous condition. It is true that they had not the means of living luxuriously, but still they possessed all that was necessary to comfort. It must be remembered that they had no such things as axes, saws, knives, or any of those tools, made of iron, which are so common with us, and which are so useful in many ways. It is with iron tools that we cut down trees for fuel, for houses, and furniture; it is with tools of iron that we make all the machines by which we cultivate the earth, and weave cloths of every kind. It is, therefore, by means of iron that we, in civilized society, obtain furniture, food, and dwelling

So important is this metal in the affairs of life, that one of the greatest distinctions between civilized and savage nations is, that the former possess it, and know its use, while the latter are generally destitute of it. Iron is therefore much more important than gold or silver — for nations may possess the latter while they are yet barbarous. The Indians of Mexico and Peru had abundance of gold and silver, when discovered three hundred and fifty years ago; yet they had no iron, and therefore no good cutting tools. Accordingly, they had no very fine or perfect manufactures.

Some circumstances occurred at Fredonia, which made the use of iron very apparent. In building their houses, and making their furniture, the people of the island often wished they had saws, and axes, and planes. How much time these tools would have saved! They were obliged to use sharp stones for cutting down trees and shaping them as they desired. It therefore often took a man a week to do a job which he might have performed much better in an hour, with a carpenter's axe.

Well, after a time, as Piquet was fishing one day, he saw a piece of timber floating in the sea, at some distance. Being curious to know what it might be, he swam out to it, — a distance of near a mile, — and you may guess his surprise to find that it was a log of wood, in the end of which was stuck a carpenter's axe! It had evidently fallen from the deck of some vessel; and, as the axe was exceedingly rusty, it must have been in the water for several months.

Piquet managed, with a great deal of labor, to push the log, with the axe, to the shore. He then carried the latter to the village, and it is not easy to tell what an excitement the event produced. "Piquet has found an axe!" was shouted from house to house: "An axe! an axe!" was echoed from hill to hill. The inhabitants came running together, — men, women, and children, — and there stood Piquet, holding up his trophy more proudly than did David the head of Goliah!

It was, indeed, an affair of national importance; and, for two or three days after, Piquet was called upon, again and again,

PIQUET GETS THE AXE.

to tell the story of the axe. He came, indeed, to be a hero, not only among the people, but especially in the fancies of the children, and in his own conceit. His narrative grew more and more marvellous every time he told it; and in the space of a couple of years, the wonderful tale of the "Fisherman and the Axe" was at least equal to our legend of old Blue Beard.

When the first excitement had a little subsided, the question arose as to who should be the owner of the axe. Some persons insisted that it belonged to Piquet — he found it, and he was entitled to the fruits of his good luck. Besides, he swam out a mile into the sea, and, by risking his life, and making great exertions, he brought it to the shore. It was, therefore, due to him as a reward for his sacrifices and exertions. On the other hand, it was maintained that it ought to belong to the state or the nation, inasmuch as it was found upon the waters near the island, which were said to belong to the people at large. This question produced a good deal of discussion; but finally it was put at rest by the governor, who decided, for the rea-

sons suggested, that the axe belonged to its finder.

From this time Piquet became a great man. He ground up his axe, and such was the demand for it, that he could get a great deal more money, or more pieces of salt, merely for the use of it, than by fishing all day. In the space of a year he had more salt than any other man on the island, and was in fact the richest of the whole society. But it is curious and interesting to remark, that what seemed his good fortune came near proving his ruin. Finding it unnecessary to work for his support, he grew idle, and then discontented. Some persons suggested that, as he was the richest man on the island, he ought to be the governor. This idea having entered into his head, he set about endeavoring to carry the scheme into effect. He gathered around him several partisans, whom he paid liberally in salt, and pretty soon these persons set up quite a clamor against M. Bonfils. They insisted that the latter was despotic, haughty, and aristocratic. They found fault with all he had done; and even where his conduct admitted of no reproach, they im-

pugned his motives, and said he had done good only to get honor and glory in the eyes of the people, that he might thus rivet firmly the chains of that despotism which he exercised! They also started a thousand false stories about him, and if one was proved to be untrue, another was immediately invented, to take its place.

M. Bonfils did not heed all this, but pursued the even tenor of his way, devoting himself, with all the energy his great age permitted, to the promotion of the public good. But his patriotism was not sufficient to insure tranquillity. Intoxicated by the flattery of his partisans, and deceived as to the state of opinion among the people, Piquet, at the head of his followers, took forcible possession of the Outcast's Cave, and thence issued a command for all the people to come before him, and acknowledge him as their governor. This summons was so far obeyed that, in a few hours, all the men of the island were gathered at the cave, and after a while Piquet appeared, and commanded them to acknowledge him as their governor.

This was followed by a general burst of

laughter; and Piquet, stung with shame to find himself thus an object of ridicule, slunk back into the cave. His partisans, finding their position to be any thing but respectable deserted their leader, and left him alone. Piquet remained in the cave till it was night; then creeping out, he went straight to his hut, took the axe which had been the source of all his trouble, and, ascending a high rock on the border of the ocean, hurled it as far as he could into the sea. The next morning he again took to his hooks and lines, and from that day he quietly pursued the life of a fisherman, declaring that the intoxication of riches was by no means so pleasant as the content attending a career of humble but useful toil.

As I am telling this story chiefly to show how necessary it is to have some established government, and how this contributes to the happiness of society, I cannot detail very minutely the history of individuals. I must not forget to say, however, that Brusque was married to Emilie, and, notwithstanding the part he had taken in the French Revolution, he became a very kind, honest, and useful

man He devoted his time to the manufacture of salt, and was thus able to procure all the articles produced on the island which he needed.

François continued to pursue the life of a huntsman, and supplied the market with goat's flesh and wild game. He had also tamed several of the goats, and some families were beginning to get milk from them. He had likewise tamed some wild ducks and geese, and from these eggs were now obtained.

Two years soon passed away in Fredonia, and the people were, on the whole, prosperous and happy. Every family had a house, and sufficient land; but now a difference began to appear between their several situations. Some of the houses seemed constantly to grow better; instead of looking old and shabby, they assumed, month by month, a more agreeable and comfortable look. The furniture also became better; the lands around them grew more and more productive; the gardens were not only more fruitful, but they were stocked with a greater variety of fruits and vegetables.

There were other estates, where a totally

opposite state of things was to be remarked. Here the houses were going to decay; they were dirty and ill-furnished, and the lands were but poorly tilled. All around wore an aspect rather of poverty than thrift.

The causes of these differences were easily to be traced. Those people who were industrious and frugal had good houses and good farms; every year they advanced a little, and gradually they became rich, comfortable, and happy. On the other hand, those who were idle, had comfortless houses, poor furniture, poor lands, and poor gardens.

About this period an event occurred which excited great interest in Fredonia, and served eventually to change the prospects of the island in no small degree. Vessels had frequently passed within sight of the place, but never had come near enough to be hailed. But now, on a fine summer morning, a vessel was seen under full sail, passing close to the shore. A signal was immediately raised, and the vessel, heaving to, sent her boat ashore.

The captain, who was an Englishman, was greatly astonished at finding such a society

on the island, which was generally regardod as uninhabited. He spent two or three days at the place, and supplied the people with a number of articles which they particularly wanted. Among them were a saw, hatchet, hammer, auger, several gimblets, a quantity of nails, some knives, and other similar instruments. He furnished them also with two or three books, and several newspapers, which were objects of great interest; for there was nothing of the kind on the island. But that which gave the greatest satisfaction was about a pint of wheat, which happened to be on board the ship, and which was taken by the islanders for the purpose of sowing, so as to obtain the means of making flour bread After staying at the island a few days, the captain departed on his voyage to China, whither he was bound.

The iron tools were put into the hands of a man who had been brought up a carpenter, and he began to make various articles of furniture, such as chairs, bedsteads, and other things, which the Fredonians had been obliged hitherto to do without — or if they had them they were of a very rude kind.

The carpenter was also called upon to make doors and windows to the houses, which before consisted only of rough openings, fastened with a frame-work thatched with palm leaves. In this way a great improvement in the comfort of the people speedily took place.

But that which now became the source of the greatest interest was the building of a little vessel, which was undertaken by Brusque and François. Both had been brought up on the seashore, and were familiar with the construction of vessels of all kinds, from the keel to the top-gallant-mast. Brusque, by his industry and skill, had laid up salt enough to pay the cost of the enterprice. The vessel which they undertook to build was of about seventy tons burden, to be rigged schooner-fashion — that is, with two masts.

You may well believe that it was no small job to build a vessel, under such circumstances. The want of iron, for making spikes and nails, was the greatest difficulty; *but industry* and ingenuity can conquer all *obstacles.* Instead of spikes, pins of hard

wood were used. Tar, for filling up the seams between the boards, so as to keep out the water, was made from fir trees found on the island; and paint was made of yellow and red earth found on one of the hills, mixed with grease obtained from the goats. Every obstacle was at last overcome, and in about a year from its commencement the vessel was launched, amid the shouts and rejoicing of the whole nation—men, women, and children.

In six months more, the vessel was rigged, and named the *Hope*. François took command of her, and, lifting his broad sail, woven of the fibrous bark of the palm tree, launched forth upon the sea, in the presence of all the people. You may have seen a more splendid ship; but never did one appear half so beautiful and so wonderful as did the Hope, of Fredonia, in the eyes of the admiring spectators, as she scudded before the breeze, on the occasion we describe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CONCLUSION

After the little community of Fredonia had provided for their first wants,—houses, clothes, and food,—they began to think of other things. There were several children among them, and for these they required a school. Accordingly, they employed a young woman who had been well educated, and, a place being provided, the children were assembled, and she taught them as well as she could. She had few books, however; for neither the works of Peter Parley nor Robert Merry had then been written; nor were there any bookstores or printing-offices. There was one copy of a Bible, and in

his, and one or two other volumes, the children were taught to read.

In all that could make the people happy, M. Bonfils, the good old governor, took a lively interest. He did not confine himself to a routine of official acts, but he was constantly considering how he could influence the people in such a way as to make them live better, more comfortably, and more happily. Being a wise man, he thus exercised a great influence; and I beg my young readers to remember, that in this way—by the exercise of wisdom and patriotism—rulers may be great blessings to their country.

The governor had a notion, which you may think strange, but I will mention it to you. His idea was, that no person can be happy without religion. He was a Catholic himself, but he did not insist that all should think exactly as he did on this subject. What he desired was, that every person should love and fear God with sincerity. He maintained that no nation could be honest, virtuous, industrious, or patriotic, without religion; and that an enemy to religion is always an enemy to the true interests of mankind, even if we only regard the affairs of human society in this world.

He therefore was desirous of sustaining the institutions o religion; and for this purpose it was his custom, every Sa bath, to get the people together, and offer up prayers, a make some kind of address. It was a beautiful thing to s the people gathered beneath a group of palm trees, and kneeling in prayer, or listening to the exhortations of the g haired patriarch who addressed them. It was also a beau thing to hear them joining in their hymns, of which they able to sing a few from recollection.

Thus it was that society advanced one step after an and no doubt their improvement arose from the happy gui of their governor. How different was the state of the from what it would have been if Rogere had succee making himself king! He was perfectly selfish, and he have subjected all around to his own personal wishes interests. Even if he had suppressed riot, and turn

anarchy, by a strong hand, still the people would have gradu ally sunk in the scale of civilization: a few had been lords and the rest slaves. But now, under the guidance of M. Bonfils, they enjoyed equal rights and privileges; each one was secure of his house, his home, his lands, and the produce of his labor. Justice was also duly administered; morality and religion were cherished; education encouraged; peace, industry, and good neighborhood, became the established and habitual virtues of society. These were the results, in a great degree, of the conduct and character of the ruler of the little nation; and it ought to teach us the importance of having good, wise, and religious rulers.

Thus affairs went on, till the good old governor became very feeble, and was unable longer to attend to the affairs of government. He had drawn up a plan for a constitution, and upon resigning his office, submitted it to the people for their ratification or rejection. It was another pleasing consequence of the virtues of the good old sage, that what he recommended came with the force of a command, and was immediately adopted by the people. Thus, without agitation or disturbance, the nation adopted a free constitution, and thus they enjoyed that great blessing — the privilege of self-government.

It is not my purpose to extend this story further, nor have I indeed the means. About a year after François had completed his little vessel, he made a trip to the Isle of France, where he obtained a great variety of articles needed by the Fredonians. During his stay there, which however was brief, he related the events which we have been detailing. He soon set out on his return, from which time we have not heard from the little island which has for a long time occupied the attention of our readers.